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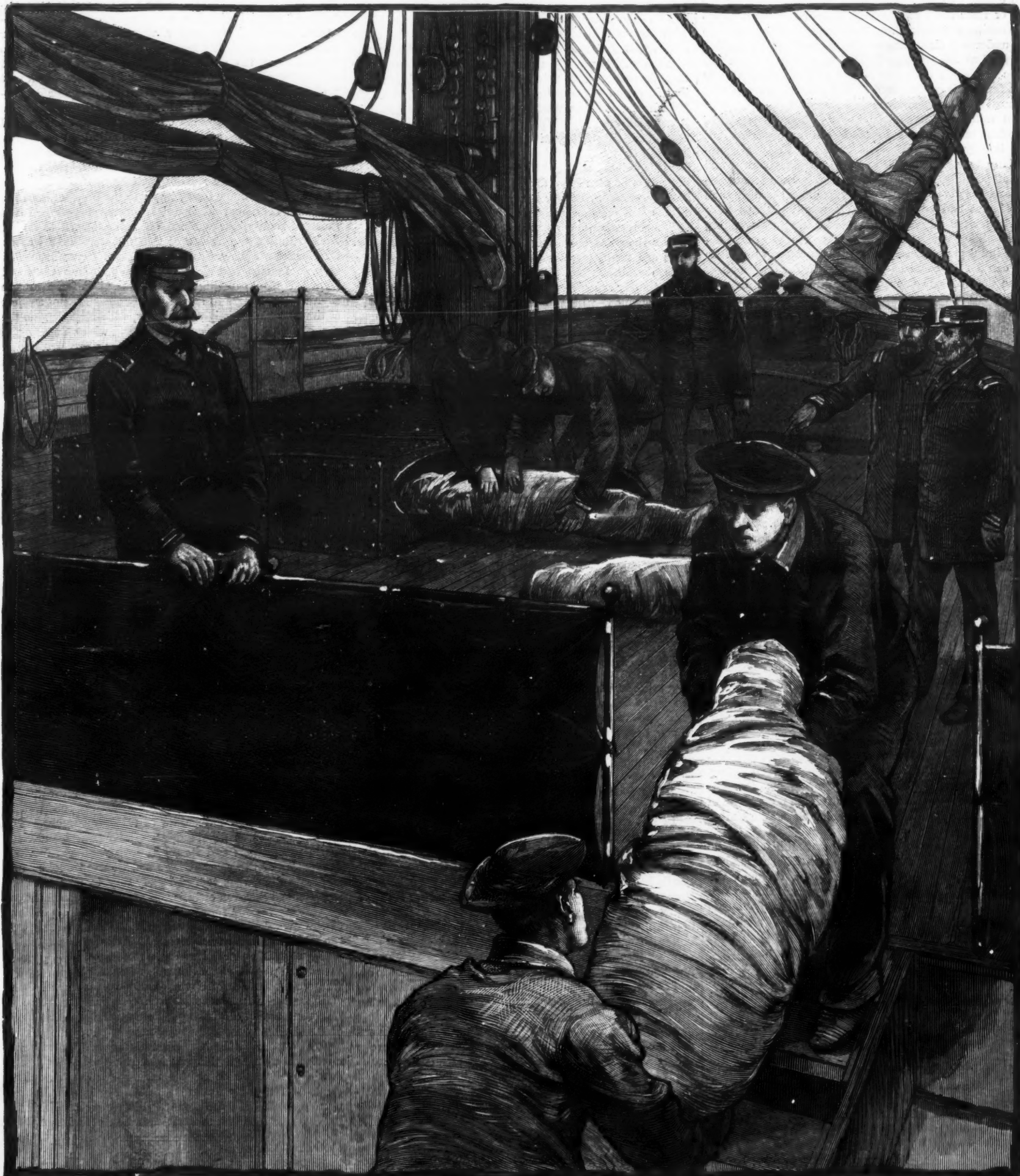


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THE DEAD OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.—OFFICERS OF THE STEAMSHIP "BEAR" PLACING THE BODIES, WRAPPED IN SHEETING, IN AN IRON TANK FOR REMOVAL TO ST. JOHN'S.

FROM SKETCHES AND DESCRIPTIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF PARTY.—SEE PAGE 11.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1884.

CAUTION.

We again caution the public that we employ no traveling agents, and that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are those which bear the name of Mrs. Frank Leslie, widow of the late publisher. The business name and style of the house is not Frank Leslie & Co., or Leslie & Co., or Frank Leslie Publishing House, but Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher. All letters, subscriptions and business orders should be addressed to

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, PUBLISHER,
P. O. Box 3,706, 53-55-57 Park Place, New York.

THE LAST ARCTIC HORROR.

IT is not at all surprising that the reports, originating apparently with the sailors of the Relief Expedition, that the survivors of the Greely Arctic Exploring party were enabled to preserve their lives only by eating the flesh of their dead companions, should have created intense excitement throughout the country. Such a revelation, under any circumstances, would have been revolting enough, but following as it has immediately upon the public rejoicings over the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and a few of his companions, it has caused a revulsion of the most shocking character. The real facts cannot be known until after an official investigation. The stories now afloat may be, and doubtless are, exaggerated, but there is only too much reason to fear that they are substantially true. Naturally enough, the survivors would wish, if possible, to conceal the ghastly facts from relatives and friends of their dead companions; and, if such concealment had been possible, it would perhaps have been better for all concerned, and for the public welfare as well. Such revelations are pretty sure to exert a debasing influence upon large classes of people, while little good can be expected as compensation for such evil.

One of the bodies, supposed to have been in part eaten by his survivors, was that of Private Henry, who was shot for stealing, in repeated instances, from the small stores of food on which the lives of the whole party depended. Lieutenant Greely tells, with great frankness, the sad story of the execution, leaving no room for doubt that the act was perfectly justifiable. The lieutenant was ill at the time and did not witness the execution or see the body before burial. As to the eating of human flesh, he states that, so far as his personal knowledge went, no act of this sort was committed by any one connected with the party, and that if anything of the kind occurred, it was an individual act, utterly unauthorized and heartily deprecated.

If this scandal shall be confirmed in all its revolting ghastliness it will put a stop, we think, for a long time to come, to the business of Arctic exploration. We may not much blame famished and dying men for eating human flesh when there is no other way of saving life; but the prospect either of being eaten, or of having to eat one's companions is not calculated to stimulate popular enthusiasm for tempting the rigors of an Arctic climate in a search for the North Pole.

THE AMERICAN WORKING-WOMEN.

AN exhibit of the character, condition and needs of American girls working in other employments than domestic has just been made. It is the most complete, accurate and valuable representation of the kind ever attempted. It presents facts which every student of social problems desires to know, but which have hitherto been hidden. This exhibit, the result of the patient investigation of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics and Labor, relates to Boston; but so far as the New England metropolis is a representative American city, it is a portrayal of the condition of the working women of the whole United States.

This investigation, based on the personal history of no less than 1,023 women and girls, embraces the kind of employment followed, the place of birth, the age, the character of the home, the health, the wages, the savings and the moral condition. The variety of employments represented is great. Thus, 83 are engaged in such personal services as copyists, telegraph-operators; 123 are engaged in trade, as cashiers, saleswomen and book-keepers; and no less than 826 are employed in manufacturing. More than half, 603, are natives of Massachusetts, and of these the larger part are the children of parents who themselves were foreign-born.

Respecting the interesting point of the age of these women, it appears that 940 are thirty-five years old or less. The average age of beginning work was 16.81; and the average period which they have worked is eight years. Their surroundings are varied, but far more comfortable than would be usually supposed. More than one-half, 594, were living with their parents, and the remainder found their homes to such an extent with relatives and friends that only 155 were inmates of boarding-houses. The homes of 548 were reported as "good, very good, comfortable and excellent"; of 135 as "moderately good, fairly good, to very neat"; and of only 129 as "unpleasant and poor." The remaining 420 may be considered as blessed with good surroundings.

The physical and sanitary condition is also represented as much better than has often been feared. The elaborate comparisons prove that but few women lose their health while at work. The testimony of the officers of colleges admitting women is almost universal in favor of the healthful influences of intellectual work; the testimony of these reports is also strongly in favor of the equally healthful influences of physical labor. Employers are reported as, on the whole, careful to provide conveniences and comforts for their employes. Work-rooms are open to the sunlight, are well ventilated, and are as pleasant as simple decorations can make them. These conditions exhibit great variations, but the average grade is most creditable.

In regard to wages and savings the facts are not cheerful. The average weekly pay of saleswomen is only \$5.75; and of those employed in manufacturing and mechanical industries is \$6.22. Of the 1,032 girls reporting, 921 earn less than \$10 a week, and 331 less than \$5. The highest wages paid to any one person is \$21.90. The annual income averaged \$269.07. The annual expenditure averaged \$261.30. The annual saving averaged \$7.77. Only 120, however, made any saving, but the average amount that was thus laid aside by each person was \$72.15. The average expenditure for clothing was \$65.75. This average increase is less than prevails in other States than Massachusetts; \$6.69 is, in these States, the average weekly pay of women for all kinds of labor other than domestic. The rate is, however, much higher than that in vogue beyond the United States boundaries. In British America the weekly return is only \$4.85, and in Europe only \$3.59. Upon their wages the larger proportion subsist; 881 received no pecuniary aid. That an increase of wages is to be desired is more than evident, but it is pointed out that though in specific employments the wages of men have diminished, the wages of women have increased. Proper industrial and economical conditions will effect a greater and a fitting increase.

The investigation proves that the moral condition is higher than has been sometimes apprehended. Assertions are frequently made that working girls are, as a class, dissolute. In disproof of such remarks pages of testimony are given. The workingwomen of Boston, it is affirmed, "are as respectable, as moral and as virtuous as any class of women in our community."

This representation is much more favorable than we had judged the facts would warrant. Yet, means for the improvement of workingwomen should not be neglected. The churches should welcome them to their services. Institutions similar to the Young Women's Christian Associations should be established and efficiently managed. Technical institutions should be provided. Parents should train their daughters as well as their sons to an honorable vocation. A respect for honest labor should be instilled.

THE SOUTHERN CROPS.

THE official statisticians at Washington estimate the entire wheat crop of the country at 485,000,000 bushels, which, even at reduced rates, will allow of a handsome margin for exportation. The South this season has harvested a larger crop of wheat than usual, quite sufficient to meet its own requirements. The cotton crop is looked for at 5,000,000 bales, an ordinary amount, but it will bring fair prices and confer a good purchasing power. Some of the Texas cotton is already in market, and throughout the cotton belt the plant is now secure from serious contingencies, being well on the way towards picking. The methods of cotton planting are still exceedingly imperfect, and must continue so until the steam-plow and machine-picker shall revolutionize the appliances now used. Cotton is to-day picked from the field by hand, a slow and costly procedure. It was hoped that a machine-picker, lately invented, might be availed of for this season's crop, but it appears that the introduction of the invention, owing to some defects, has been postponed until next year.

In Louisiana the sugar crop will be large, as there has been no flood or other obstacle to prevent the due cultivation and growth of the cane. South Carolina's rice yield will be beyond the average. Corn throughout the South has never thriven so well, and there will be more than enough of it for man and beast, which fact, of course, will allow a cleaner cash gain from the cultivation of the main staple, cotton. Tobacco this year will pay better than for many years; in the central tobacco belt, running from Virginia to Missouri, the plant is flourishing, and has nothing more to fear save premature frost, and of this it is likely there will be none, for the Summer weather thus far has been so nearly frost-like that a warm Autumn may be reasonably inferred.

With such a fair outlook, we may confidentially expect better times, the movement of these abundant crops will renew circulation in the monetary arteries, and thus relieve, to a very perceptible degree, the stringency and stagnation in financial and business centres that have existed during the Summer now ending.

INSANITY EXPERTS.

IF anything were needed to show the utter untrustworthiness of expert testimony in an *inquiring de lunatico*, the present investigation into the sanity of William C. Rhinelander, under arrest for a criminal assault upon a prominent New York lawyer, would supply

the *desideratum*. Were the unsatisfactory evidence and laughable diagnosis of mental condition from a few personal peculiarities the result only of ignorance instead of design, the conduct of the witnesses might admit of palliation, though the consequence might be equally disastrous in both instances. The public will, however, be slow to admit, that the men who have made mental ailments their study for years, would err so egregiously through lack of knowledge; and the conclusion will be forced upon them, that self-interest has something to do with their conclusions.

For a number of years past, it has been possible to secure medical experts, who would prove a man sane or insane as powerful interest might dictate. Persons have been doomed to civil death or saved from the gallows, simply because of the possession of personal traits, which would be no more regarded as evidence of mental aberration by sensible people than the color of their hair or the contour of their features would be so considered. How monstrous the injustice! It is quite possible that an insane man might have a "shuffling gait," "clammy hands," "restless eyes," and that his tongue might occasionally point to the right instead of to the left; but those peculiarities are not invariable concomitants of cranial disorder, were people generally compelled to submit to such a vigorous test as to their sanity, and were their idiosyncrasies to be put in evidence against them, the majority of the race would be proven *non compos mentis*, and the world would become a vast mad-house. It was not proven that Rhinelander had delusions or hallucinations; and even if he had, so long as they did not influence his conduct, and left his normal perception unimpaired, he would be adjudged sane even in the legal sense. Many in all ages who have been a credit to the race and have left a rich legacy to posterity, have had their hallucinations and superstitious fancies. They knew them, however, to be such, and the creations of a morbid imagination never assumed the guise of reality, nor was reason subordinated to fancy. Bishop Butler, the author of the best work ever written on Christian apologetics, stated that for years he had strange fancies and delusions, which, if known, would have led people to think him a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. It is safe to affirm that but few are not subject at times to strange flights of fancy, which are outside the range of ordinary sane experience, and with which reason has consciously little to do; still, they are known as fancies, and are never allowed to influence conduct in any appreciable degree. When the fancy becomes a reality, and the imagination creates a Utopia that displaces the world of ordinary experience, then alone can hallucinations be considered really such and accessories of insanity.

Even were professional experts always honest in giving testimony and opinions in cases of alleged insanity, their evidence or judgment should be considered as but little more conclusive than that of any other intelligent man. Human experience has been very much the same in all ages and in all countries, consequently it requires no profound knowledge to perceive when such experience no longer influences the life and conduct of an individual.

The diagnosis of mental maladies in the past has not been very successful. *Post-mortem* examination of the brain of the insane have but in few cases shown evidence of disease, and those evidences have been so often discovered in the brains of those never suspected of insanity that they cannot be regarded as either the cause or the result of perverted mental action.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE convention of the Irish National League of America, last week, was another proof of the marvelous vitality of the love of Irishmen for their native country and of their hatred of English rule, which neither time, distance, nor new ties seem to modify or eradicate. It was a gratifying proof, also, of the growth of the Irish in exile in the spirit and habits of self-government. The convention was as dignified, as regular and as judicious in its proceedings and its resolutions as any American convention of the year. There was no word spoken and no action done that tended in any way to mar the harmony of the occasion or to jar on American susceptibility.

This convention represented the views and aspirations of the overwhelming majority of the Irish race both in the old land and in America. It showed, as we anticipated, that Mr. Parnell and his methods are supported with enthusiastic earnestness by the Irish race everywhere, and that the noisy and lawless conspirators who disgrace the Irish cause in both countries are no more representative of the Irish people than the masked gangs of Ku-Klux represented the American people.

Mr. Parnell has demonstrated his capacity as a Parliamentary leader, and this strong support will enable him to win yet greater concessions for his people, as well as create and intensify American public opinion in favor of granting to Ireland the same legislative rights which the British North American and Australian colonies enjoy.

A HINT TO STORY-WRITERS.

IN this season of hammock-swinging and piazza-idling, we hear much of the demand for short stories and tales. It is not, however, a mere passing craze or fashion. When has not the human mind delighted in

this form of entertainment? Of Scheherazade's thousand and one short stories, not one was declined. The *Iliad* itself was formerly extant only in the form of forecastle yarns among the Greek sailors. In every condition and clime the story-teller is welcomed. But to find really good material—there is the rub. For a short story is not merely a story that is short. It must be as rounded and complete as a circle, with not a word to add, not a word that could be taken away. It must curdle days, months, years—perhaps, as Byron says of the dream, a whole life—in one brief hour. And it should, at times, be flushed o'er with the colored lights of fancy, as are the creations of Hawthorne, and Poe and Gautier. Many pens are busy, yet the true, fascinating productions in this line of fiction are rare. It is not because all the stories have been told, as Mr. Howells affects to believe, but because a special genius is required to extricate them, crisp and intact, from the meshes of life in which they are involved. Let the story-teller who is learning his trade look into the tangled skein, find a loose end, and follow the thread conscientiously without diversion to where it terminates, and then judge for himself whether the stock of genuine motives and interesting combinations be really exhausted, or as yet scarcely touched.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

UP to the hour when Kate Greenway arrayed her sweet little maids in quaint overall bibs, Mother Hubbard was indissolubly connected with a lean and hungry dog, a cupboard and a bone; but, thanks to this gifted *artiste*, the piquant old-world frocks in which she draped her eighteenth-century young ladies have given to Mother Hubbard an additional interest, and every little miss enshrined in one of these loose and intensely picturesque costumes unconsciously recalls the nursery rhyme which to the present hour of the oldest amongst us is not devoid of an echo of fascination.

"Out West," however, they are not a sentimental people, and in Illinois the Mother Hubbard is regarded in the light of an abomination; the wearing of it is an indictable offense. Why this respectable and pretty garment shall so offend the powers that be is enshrouded in mystery. Can it be that they view it in the light of being too æsthetic, and have resolved to discourage it as being an offshoot of the sunflower? Is it within the bounds of possibility that, being rapidly progressive, they regard this returning to the fashion of a century ago as a step in the backward direction, and unworthy of the go-ahead and booming West? Have our Western citizens become alarmed lest ladies of mature age and extensive development, seeing how becoming Mother Hubbard is to children, feel inclined to don it themselves? Or do the potent, grave and reverend ones consider it so un-becoming that its adoption by marriageable girls would be calculated to scare not only the timid, but the bold, wooers? Can it be that they have arrived at the conclusion that it is an infringement upon the time-honored story, and in the interests of the nursery have put it down with the strong arm of the law? Be this as it may, the constables of Western cities no sooner espy a Mother Hubbard than the wearer thereof is pounced upon and forthwith locked up as a vagabond! Mother Hubbard a vagabond, and committed to a stone cupboard, minus dog and bone! Why, the next thing we shall hear of is that "Out West" the legend of Mother Hubbard has been tabooed, and that any mention of the venerable lady, of her dog, of her cupboard, or of her bone will be visited with fine and imprisonment.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THIS is the season of grouse-shooting in England—that royal sport, the mere thought of which stirs the pulse of every Briton, including the honorable members of Parliament, and no doubt the Prime Minister himself. So Parliament has been prorogued with the usual ceremonies, including the reading of the Queen's Speech by the Lord Chancellor. This document is not a formidable one. It refers to the friendly relations with foreign Powers, and the resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico; "sincerely regrets" the failure to pass the Franchise bill, and laments the collapse of the Egyptian Conference, though trusting that the special mission to Egypt will lead to satisfactory results; and views with satisfaction "the diminution of agrarian crime in Ireland, and the substantial improvement in the condition of the people." In conclusion, the speech compliments the law-abiding and loyal British people, expresses rejoicing at the generally satisfactory condition of the country, and thankfulness for the prospect of a favorable harvest season. It is probable that Parliament will reassemble about the 15th of September, to attack with renewed vigor those interesting and critical questions of English politics which are now left in a suspensory condition.

The preparations for the Gordon relief expedition are progressing in an energetic and business-like way. It is officially stated that the expedition will proceed up the Nile to Khartoum, by way of Assouan and Dongola. The distance is about 1,600 miles from Cairo, and the route presents disadvantages in the difficulty of transport past the cataracts, and the necessity for garrisoning numerous posts to keep open the line of communication. On the other hand, the terrible and fatal marches across the desert will be avoided, and a safe line of retreat will be secured. The work of garrisoning the Nile stations is already well advanced. Wady Halfa will be the base of operations, and the expedition will be ready to leave there in detachments by the middle of September, to concentrate at Hannek, from which point it will ascend to Meraueh, where it is expected to open communication with General Gordon for a simultaneous movement on Berber. General Stephenson has been finally instructed to take command of the expedition. Meanwhile, the Mudir of Dongola has received another letter from Gordon, showing that he is still safe. Captain Boardman will command the flotilla, and the expedition will comprise over 2,000 men. Colonel Sir Redvers Buller has already left England for Egypt, and everything indicates an early advance from Cairo.

The citizens of Alexandria are growing impatient over the non-payment of the indemnities for their losses occurring by reason of the British bombardment of two years ago. A deputation to the number of five hundred appeared with their protests at the British Consulate last week, and even threatened violence if their demands were not complied with. The Consul promised to telegraph to the Government in regard to the matter. M. Barrere, the French diplomatic agent in Egypt, is also under instructions to hasten the settlement of the indemnity demanded for losses incurred by Frenchmen at the bombardment.

The Constitutional Convention in France has concluded its labors and finally dissolved. The net result is a victory for M.

Ferry, all of whose original propositions, with one exception, were accepted and passed. The exception was that imposing limitations on the power of the Senate to deal with financial measures, and it cannot be denied that in this respect the revision agitation has failed of its object. The prime purpose of this agitation was to make the Senate a more representative body, and it is doubtful whether the Radicals will long rest content with the present outcome. The important fact in the matter is that, as the revision now stands, the Constitution declares the republic to be the permanent and "immutable" form of government in France, and that in this particular the instrument is not subject to amendment. This result was secured by the decisive vote of 509 to 172. The French quarrel with China grows in intensity, and while negotiations are still in progress, there seems little ground to expect a peaceful solution of the difficulty. On the 5th instant the French Admiral attacked and destroyed the forts of Kelung, on the island of Formosa, and other forts are menaced unless an arrangement shall speedily be arrived at. The Chinese have protested to the Powers against the bombardment of Kelung on the ground that it was not preceded by a formal declaration of war, but it is not likely that any attention will be paid to the protest. China still persists in declaring that the French demands will be resisted to the last extremity, and there is great military activity at various points. The French have dispatched reinforcements to the scene of controversy, and three additional ironclads are being placed in readiness for service. The Government has asked an additional credit, and the Chamber of Deputies has granted one of 38,000,000 francs in furtherance of the aggressive campaign. In his appeal to the Chambers, M. Ferry said the French were not blamable for acting too precipitately, but for showing too much patience. He added that the Government must be authorized to seize guarantees whenever it is thought expedient, and said that if the Chamber granted this authority the victory would be more than half won.

The cholera is happily losing its importance as a sensational news topic. There are at present few signs of the predicted spread. The death-rates in the afflicted towns continue to decrease, although last week the abatement was checked by the hot weather. A few cases are reported from villages in the Department of the Bouches du Rhône where the cholera had not previously appeared. A strange incident occurred at Les Omergues, where the grave-diggers, noticing a slight movement on the part of two supposed corpses ready for interment, applied friction, whereby circulation was restored, and the persons recovered. The congress of the two houses of Parliament at Versailles has agreed to a motion that the Senators and the Deputies shall accept a reduced salary for the past four months, the remainder to be used for the relief of sufferers from cholera.—The Senate has voted a credit of 5,000,000 francs to carry on operations in Madagascar.—It is now stated that the late King of Anam was poisoned by anti-French mandarins.

THE failure of the House of Representatives, at the recent session of Congress, to make proper provision for carrying into effect the Reciprocity Treaty with Mexico was not the least unpardonable of its many acts of negligence. This becomes the more clearly apparent when it is known that the British Government has seized the opportunity afforded by our neglect to secure diplomatic relations with Mexico, and that an agreement has been signed with that country placing England upon the "most favored nation footing." One of the first results of this agreement doubtless will be the transfer to our European competitors of many kinds of trade which we ought to control, and the consequent loss of the exclusive advantages which would have followed the establishment of reciprocity as proposed during the past Winter. The spectacle of English manufacturers occupying and controlling the market of our next-door neighbor, with which the facilities for communication and traffic have been supplied by our own capital, will constitute a humiliating evidence of the stupidity of our legislators and the indifference of the Government to every consideration of sound commercial policy.

GENERAL BUTLER'S determination to make an active canvass for the Presidency has produced a very considerable perturbation among the Republican and Democratic managers. The latter, by way of accounting for his appearance in the field, allege that he has been promised a Cabinet position by Mr. Blaine in the event of his success; but this is so obviously improbable that even the most credulous refuse to believe it. The truth is, no doubt, that General Butler is just as hostile to Mr. Blaine as he is to Governor Cleveland, and has determined to run precisely for the reason that he wishes to embarrass both, and, if possible, make it impossible for either to succeed. But, even should there be no choice by the people, and the contest should be thrown into the House, he could not defeat the election of the Democratic candidate—that party having a majority of the Congressional delegates in the number of States whose votes would be necessary to elect. But whatever may be the motives which control the doctory General's action, it is quite certain that his candidacy has given a decided animation and picturesqueness to the canvass, and we shall not be surprised if what is contemptuously called the "Butler side-show" shall become one of the best patronized features of the whole entertainment.

WE are informed by a cable dispatch that the distinguished Count Münster, German Ambassador to England, is about to publish an elaborate manual on cookery. The work ought to take a place among the standard authorities, for there is a mutual congeniality between diplomacy and the culinary art. The late Sam Ward, for instance, owed his unique distinction chiefly to his success as a gastronomic pacificator. He had a prototype in the poet Archestratus, that culinary philosopher of ancient Syracuse, who traversed nearly all the civilized lands known in his time, and crossed hazardous seas, in order to add to the table luxuries of the Greeks, promulgating the results of his researches in a didactic poem on "Gastrology." The elder Alexandre Dumas, who was only moderately vain of his novels, gloried in his accomplishments as *chef de cuisine*. Even in dyspeptic America, which has never produced a Soyer or a Carême, there is a late Cabinet minister who knows quite as much about the possibilities of asparagus and the æsthetics of the dessert as about ships-of-war. Indeed, the ancient and honorable art of preparing food has attracted great minds in all ages. There is still a great future for it in this country. Let there be cookery books! and may the time come when we need no longer breakfast on pie, and when it shall not be said in the land that "Heaven provides meat, and the devil sends cooks."

PRESIDENT ARTHUR seems to be enjoying his vacation in a very sensible fashion. During the past week he has loitered in the Catskills, now driving quietly with friends over the mountain roads, anon chatting with the ladies in the parlors of his hotel, and then, at intervals, giving his attention to urgent public business in conjunction with the Secretary of State. In one of his drives, of which some intimation had evidently gone before, he found every house and cottage gayly decorated, while hundreds of people

saluted him as he passed. In a little mountain village, he was literally captured and compelled to hold a reception, one of the pleasing features of which were groups of handsome and prettily-dressed children who were brought up for a personal introduction, and some of whom were gracefully taken in the Presidential arms and kissed. Some of the young ladies voiced their admiration of the President by singing, as he passed, in rich, strong voices, the rollicking song which has for its chorus

"He is a jolly good fellow."

There can be no doubt at all that General Arthur has, so far, keenly enjoyed his vacation, and that he is a great deal happier at the prospect of escaping the worries and frets of the Executive Office than are any of the candidates who, possessed by anxiety and doubt, are struggling and scheming for the place he is soon to vacate.

IN FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for May 3d we gave, with a portrait, an account of the proposed exploration of Madagascar by Lieutenant Mason A. Schufeldt, of the United States Navy. We are now supplied with a full account of the results of his expedition, which seem to have been even more satisfactory than was anticipated. On his way to Antananarivo, the Malagasy capital, the lieutenant was everywhere received with marked distinction; in many places the people even turned out and swept up the village in his honor. As he entered the villages the natives rushed with new woven mats to spread over their floors, vying with each other as to who should have the honor of entertaining a United States officer for their guest. Presents of all kinds were brought by the people as a mark of welcome, accompanied by speeches conveying the respect and good feeling which they entertained for the flag and the nation which he represented. His reception by the Queen was in every way brilliant and cordial; the troops were paraded, and the capital put on festival attire in honor of the occasion. In his address to the Queen the lieutenant assured her of the friendship of this country—an assurance which, in her reply, she gratefully acknowledged. She desired sincerely the advancement of civilization and the progress of commerce for the prosperity of her people and country. She hoped to emulate the glorious example of America. At last accounts Lieutenant Schufeldt was about to start on a tour of exploration to the South of the island. The official report of his observations will no doubt largely add to our knowledge concerning that interesting country and people.

It is a pity that the judges of all our courts are not men like Judge Drummond, of Milwaukee, who, knowing what is right, have the courage to maintain it, and the resolution to denounce the wrong, no matter in what form appearing. One of the greatest evils which has grown up through the complaisance of courts is that of the extravagant charges allowed to lawyers and others employed in litigation over wills, estates, etc. In Milwaukee, recently, three lawyers sent in bills amounting to \$25,000 for services rendered in settling an estate valued at \$30,000. Judge Drummond, before whom the will came, with a strange but commendable disregard of the usual style of judicial verbosity, declared: "These charges are infamous. They are such as men who are scoundrels and thieves at heart would make. This charge of \$15,000 is cut down to \$1,500, those of \$5,000 each to \$500. Repeat such a piece of rapine in this court and I will disbar every one of you." We commend this brief and impressive discourse as a model worthy of imitation everywhere. It is high time that the plunder of the helpless by rapacious lawyers, receivers and trustees intrusted with the management, settlement of estates, or the temporary custody of special interests, should be arrested, and the only way in which this result can be certainly attained is by the summary method here suggested for imitation. If our courts would not become obnoxious as the shelter and defense of practices as indefensible as the business of highway robbery, they must set themselves sternly against the whole system of which the Milwaukee incident is only a moderate illustration.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association, held at Saratoga last week, discussed a variety of financial topics and re-elected most of the old officers.

MR. BLAINE has instituted a suit for libel against the publisher of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* for publishing a charge affecting his reputation for morality and involving the character of his wife.

GENERAL LOGAN and wife last week visited Herkimer, N. Y., as the guests of United States Senator Miller, and subsequently attended a Grand Army reunion at Watertown and made an excursion to the Thousand Islands.

THE Convention of the Irish National League, at Boston, last week was largely attended. Alexander Sullivan declined a unanimous re-election to the office of President, and Patrick Egan was chosen to succeed him. The policy of Mr. Parnell was cordially indorsed.

A CONSPIRACY in the Frankfort (Ky.) Penitentiary, last week, resulted in an outbreak and the escape of three convicts, after a severe fight, in which firearms were used by both sides. The ring-leader of the convicts was mortally wounded, and several of the guards were injured more or less seriously.

THE Michigan Republicans have nominated General Russell A. Alger for Governor, and adopted a platform submitting the question of prohibition to the people. The Missouri Democracy have nominated General John S. Marmaduke for Governor. In Georgia, Governor Daniel has been nominated for re-election.

TWO MORMON elders were killed by a mob at Ivy Hills, Tennessee, one day last week, while addressing a meeting, and one or two sympathizers with them were badly injured. The outrage has created great excitement. The Mormons have hitherto drawn away converts from the mountainous region of Tennessee.

FOREIGN.

THE Executive Council of Switzerland proposes absolutely to prohibit the meetings of the Salvation Army.

HENRY M. STANLEY has declared that the Congo Free State will soon be recognized by the whole world. The State proposes to give open commerce to all nations, and expects to become a great federation of native chiefs under the control of a European and American commission.

THE Chilean evacuation of Peru is now an established fact, and if the new elections are fairly conducted there is reason to hope that matters will change for the better in that country. Meanwhile, the new treaty with China, by which Chinese are granted the same equal rights as other foreigners in Peru, is expected to work a great social change.

THE corvette *Leipzig*, which recently left Cape Town to take formal possession of Angra Pequena in the name of the German Empire, bears instructions to Dr. Nachtigal, the special German Commissioner. These instructions direct him to report on the claims of England to Wallfish Bay and the surrounding country recently annexed by the Cape Government.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 7.



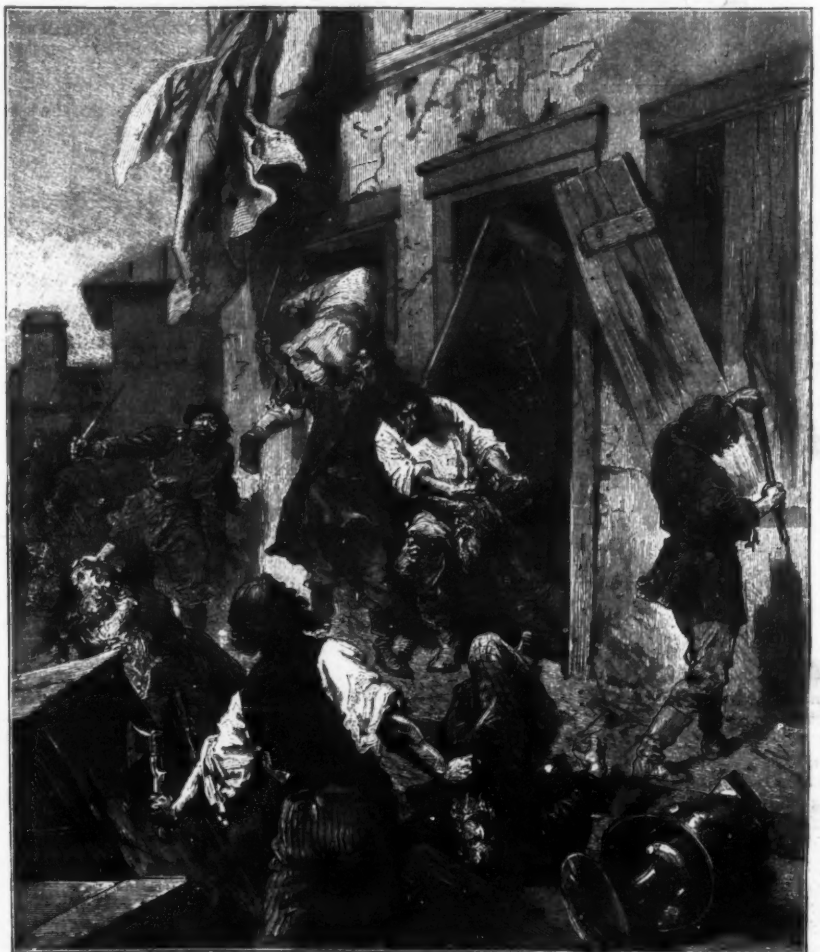
ABYSSINIA.—THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND KING JOHN.



HANS HENRIK, AN ESKIMO INTERPRETER OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.



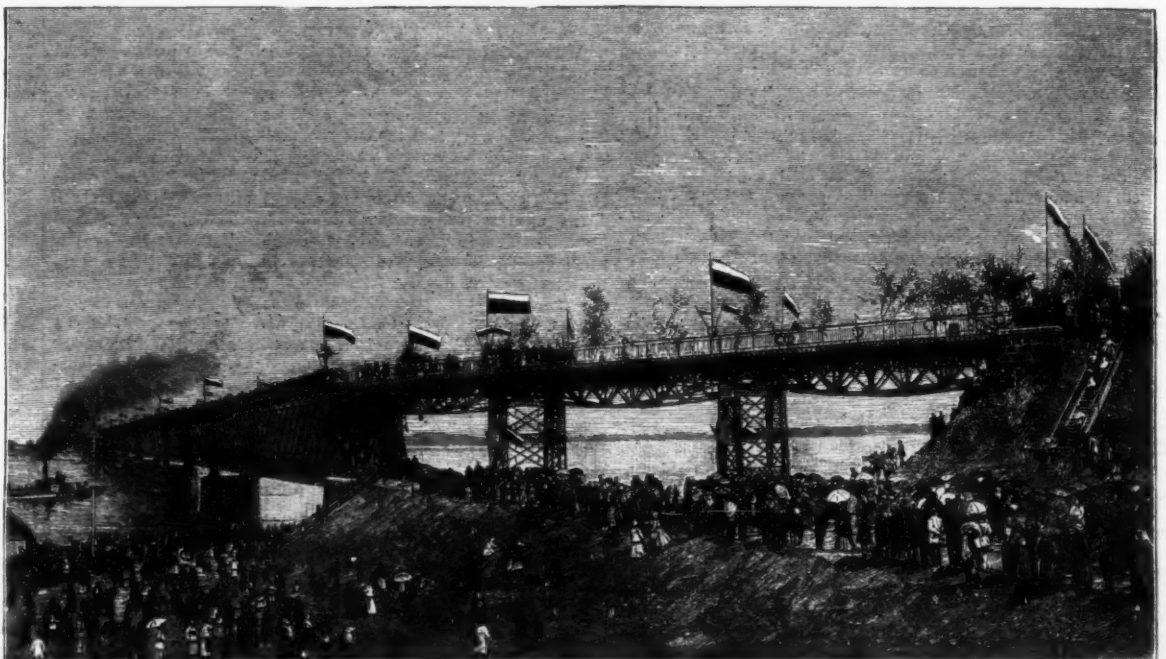
GERMANY.—GREAT SHARPshooters' FESTIVAL AT LEIPSIG, JULY 20TH-23D.
PRESENTATION OF A FLAG BY THE CITY OF MUNICH.



RUSSIA.—ATTACK BY THE POPULACE ON A JEWISH HOUSE AT KONNOVINO,
JUNE 7TH.



GREAT BRITAIN.—MRS. SOPHIA BRYANT, FIRST LADY
DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.



RUSSIA.—OPENING OF THE GREAT BRIDGE OVER THE DNEIPER AT EKATERINOSLAV.



THE CAMP.

MAINE.—THE PASSAMAQUODDY INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT BAR HARBOR.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.

ICEBERGS OFF ST. JOHN'S.

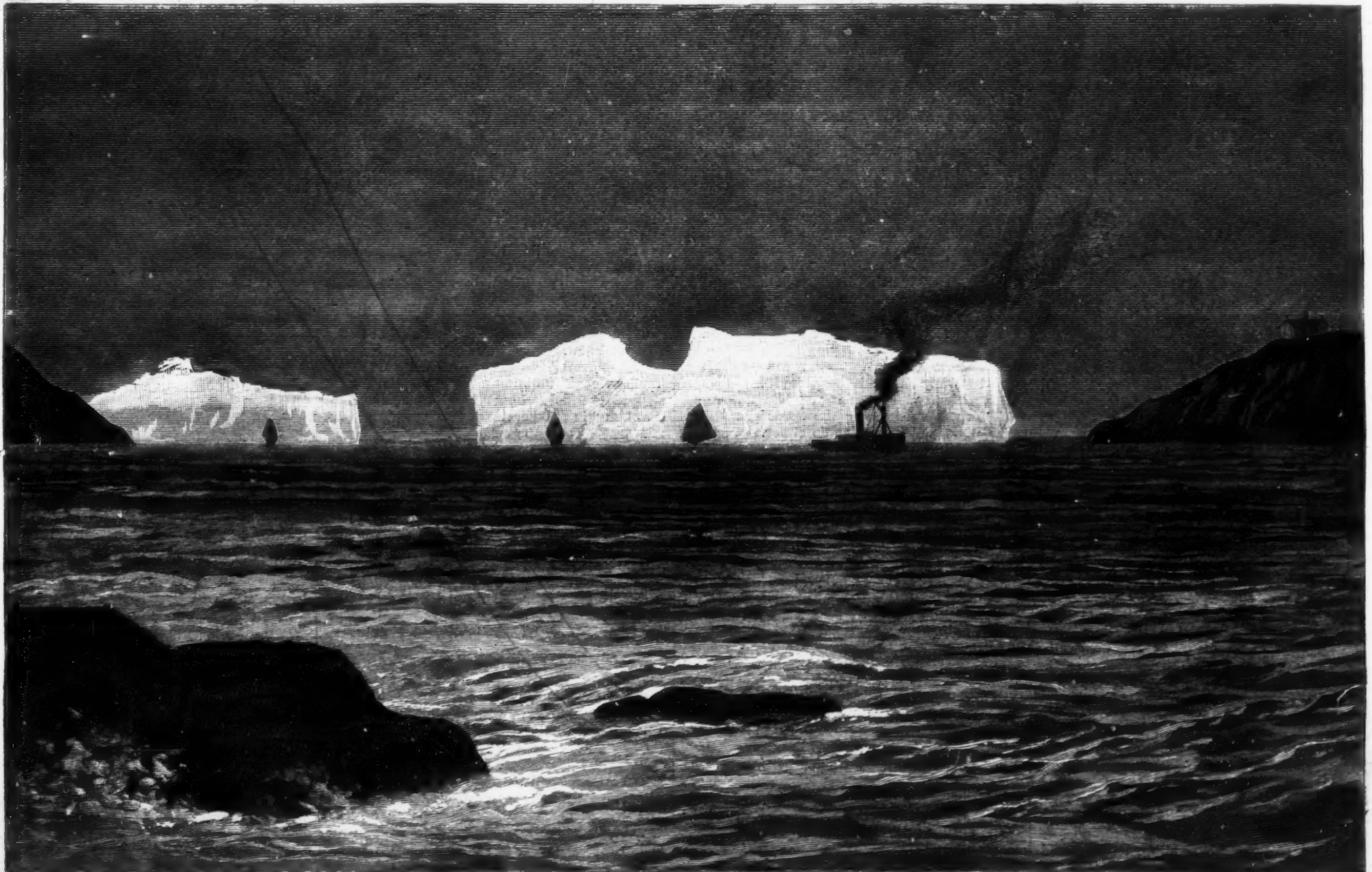
OUR illustration of the monster icebergs seen in the Narrows of St. John's, N. F., will give a vivid idea of the sort of cool and frigid visitors which sometimes appear in the approaches of that port during the Summer season. The icebergs

especially depicted appeared on June 2d, and were photographed by Mr. S. S. Parsons. They seemed like great mountainous islands floating on the sea, and we can easily imagine how a ship, running into such a formidable obstacle in the darkness of the night or when hidden by a fog, would have slight chance of escaping disastrous wreck.

ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF BAR HARBOR.

ONE of the peculiar sights at Bar Harbor, the Maine Summer resort, is the encampment of the Passamaquoddy Indians, a little way from the West End Hotel, down on the shore. In

thirty board shanties and tents live as many families of these relics of a great nation now dwindled, like the Penobscots (Tarratines), to almost nothing. The Passamaquoddys come from Eastport and vicinity, on Passamaquoddy Bay, the most eastern of American waters. These are, as a rule, not full-blooded, but more or less mixed with



NEWFOUNDLAND.—ICEBERGS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S.
FROM A PHOTO. BY PARSONS.

the French Canadians, but are of good size and powerful. Every Summer they come to Bar Harbor in numbers of about one hundred and fifty, and tempt dollars from the tourists by their display of wonderfully-made baskets, miniature canoes, and all sorts of things which might come under this sign's meaning:

"Dealers in all kind Birch Bark things, Fancy Baskets and Toy Canoes, at tent No. 3."

There is another "industry," as will be noticed by the following copy of a second sign:

"The Great Fortune Teller,
by MADAME FRANCIS."

This means that for twenty-five cents Madame Francis will tell you how your luck will "pan out" in the future. The Passamaquoddy complain that this year is "Umph! dull time; no much beensies," but, between peddling, swapping and fishing, they seem to get along first-rate. All the cooking is done out-of-doors, just in the rear of the tents, on rusty cook-stoves set up on a few boards. The menu is not tempting, but there is lots of it. The largest and the smallest Indians we ever saw were in that camp. The former was a squaw who must have weighed 300 pounds; she wore a man's hat and shoes, carried a stout staff, and sat on a bench complacently smoking a T. D. pipe. Later we saw this big squaw promenading up Mount Desert Street past Mr. Blaine's cottage, hat, pipe and all. The little Indian was a papoose about two feet high, and it stood, bare-footed, bare-headed, but clad in a gorgeous scarlet dress, in the door of a wigwam, shrieking like a steam-whistle. Its mother paid not the slightest attention to its distress, and neither did anybody else.

MODERN TEMPLES.

I REARED an idol once—enthroned it high.
All virtues gave I it, and e'en the sky
Hef myraid lights, her moon, her sun,
Paled in its splendor when my work was done.
For this ideal I built a temple fair,
To shield from profane eye and noonday glare;
With lowly men then reverently entered in,
To worship my new god—was this a sin?
Was it a sin? O Thou, whom I forgot!
Judge kindly judgment—I can answer not!

The fairest flowers from tropic lands were there,
And bathed the presence with a perfume rare.
Upon the altar glowed eternal fire,
Fed with the fuel of a heart's desire.
I offered sweetest incense day and night,
A pure soul's homage in the mystic light;
A voice that prayed and chanted praise sublime,
Made holy vows to worship for all time.
In lofty grandeur dwelt my idol rare,
I steeped my senses in the beauty fair.

Then slowly roused, one sunless dreary day,
To find my temple bleak—my idol clay!

KATE A. TAYLOR.

THE TYRONE TEMPER.

CHAPTER I.

WARD PERCIVAL, with a quick exclamation, looked up from the newspaper he was reading to his friend, lying in a hammock a few feet distant.

"A horrible affair that shooting of young Hale by his college chum, Tyrone."

His listener looked somewhat mystified.

"You remember, don't you, that Georgia tragedy that—"

"Oh yes, but I'd forgotten it. It happened more than a month ago—while you were abroad—didn't it?"

"Yes. But there's an item here: 'Tyrone, the young man who so brutally murdered his classmate last July, will undoubtedly be brought to justice. The detectives are following a new clew and are confident of finding him.' I'd wager a good deal that they never will," was Ward Percival's comment. "The idea of justice dealing with a Tyrone! What a family that is! He is the fourth of the name who has dispatched a man in the same fashion, but the only one who ever had to run away to escape the consequences."

"You know them, then?" Dr. Latimer asked.

"To my sorrow—that is the family at large as you might say, though no particular member of it. I first knew of them when I was a little fellow in my father's counting-house in New Orleans. He was a Unionist and came North when the war broke out. But they took advantage of the state of affairs to cheat him outrageously—were really the cause of his financial ruin. They were the most headstrong, passionate, unscrupulous set imaginable. I have no reason to love the name of Tyrone."

"A wealthy family, I suppose?" was Dr. Latimer's comment.

"Once immensely so. I have known nothing of them of late years. It is a pity the name is not extinct. Yet for generations they were celebrated throughout the South for their beauty and their temper, as well as their money."

"It might prove a case of poetic justice, Ward, if you could find this fugitive and deliver him up to the law."

Ward Percival smiled, as throwing down his newspaper, he rose and lit a cigar.

"That sort of justice is well named 'poetic.' It certainly is not practical. I wish it were. Nothing would suit me better than to get a grip on that fellow. It would be a partial settlement of old scores, but best of all it would be bringing to justice one of the greatest rascals; what a pity such a family should perpetuate itself. Come on, John, and have a pull on the lake."

Turning as he spoke, he caught sight of lady sitting just inside the door which opened on the farmhouse piazza—a young and beautiful woman in widow's weeds, an intent look upon her face. Ward Percival paused, and stooping, picked up a book which had fallen to the floor.

"You will pardon me," she said, as he returned it to her, "that I have been more interested in your conversation than in 'Rousseau's Confessions.' I once knew something of the famous family you were speaking of."

Her rich voice, with its characteristic accent and inflection, were unmistakable evidences of her Southern birth. Ward Percival, drawing his chair towards the doorway, re-seated himself, the row upon the lake apparently forgotten. But her eyes, even while she spoke to him, were fixed upon his friend, John Latimer, who had picked up the newspaper Percival had dropped, and bestowed his whole attention upon it.

"I was at school with one of the Tyrones," she resumed, in the soft, slow, delicious voice which always intoxicated the man who was gazing at her, roused, eager.

"And do you think I am unjust in my estimate of them? It is a family whose very name I loathe."

"Miss Tyrone, my classmate, seemed harmless enough."

He was quick enough to perceive that his prejudice, if it could be called such, was not shared by his companion.

"Perhaps the women of the family are not included in your condemnation, Mr. Percival?"

He did not immediately answer.

"It would not be possible for me to make exceptions," he said, at last. "I had a brother, much older than I, who was as truly murdered by one of 'the beautiful Tyrones,' as the sisters were called, as if she had cut his throat. She did worse than that. She led him on to love her, then laughed at him, married his rival, and left him to end his days in an insane asylum. That was one of the Tyrone women, and I do not doubt that there is a family resemblance between them."

His face had darkened as he talked. She seemed to be studying it.

"You cannot be like your brother, surely. I cannot imagine you—"

"I am very unlike him," he said, in his blunt, staccato speech, so unlike the sweetness and melodic flow of hers. "Her betrayal was a brutal one. He was of a peculiarly sensitive temperament. I could never suffer as he did, for I could never care as he did for a wicked and heartless flirt. There might be one woman in the world—"

His voice sank to a tender cadence while he glanced at his friend outside. Mrs. Voullaire's book dropped again noisily. He stooped and restored it to her.

"So you condemn them all?" she said.

"Yes; it is bad blood throughout. Its women are no more to be trusted than its men. Louise Tyrone was its representative."

"Louise was the name of the mother of my school friend. She married one of her Tyrone cousins."

"Ah!"

"And it was my friend's brother who was engaged in that unfortunate affair with young Hale."

Ward Percival looked at her in astonishment.

"Unfortunate affair!" he repeated. "A happy ambiguity, Mrs. Voullaire. It was a most atrocious murder!"

There was something in her expression which made him add: "You would perhaps be sorry to see him punished for his crime?"

"I certainly should, for his sister's sake. And, as you said, the Tyrones are a passionate people. It was doubtless done in sudden temper."

"Which is often successfully represented as insanity in the acquittal of criminals."

"We are to have a fine sunset, Mr. Percival. See the beautiful preparation."

She rose and stepped outside upon the piazza pointing to the masses of clouds piling up in the west. He regretted that he had not himself changed the subject of the conversation. It was plain that the lovely Mrs. Voullaire not only cherished no animosities herself, but failed to see how he could do so. Her good opinion had grown very precious to him. He wondered how he could have risked the loss of an atom of it.

Dr. John Latimer, rising, bowed low as the lady stepped outside the house.

"I was proposing a row on the lake a little while ago, Percival remarked, glancing in the direction of the water. "It will give me great pleasure, Mrs. Voullaire, if you will allow me to take you out for an hour."

Dr. Latimer made a movement as if to leave them. She looked directly at him with a smile.

"It was Mr. Percival's proposition to you at first. I have been confessing my eaves-dropping. I shall feel myself forgiven by him if he takes me on the lake, and by you if you join us."

There was no resisting the words or manner. Dr. Latimer did not try to do either.

They had met strangely in that old farmhouse among the New Hampshire hills. Dr. Latimer and his life-long friend, Ward Percival, had spent many Summers there together. They felt at first defrauded and indignant that another member was added to the family—one who had pleaded hard to be accommodated, and for the same reason that made the place attractive to them—its perfect quiet and isolation. But Mrs. Voullaire kept herself aloof from them even more than Ward Percival, at least, cared to desire. Her maid, Cleo, was devoted to her mistress and as silent as the Sphinx.

A few days had sufficed for Percival's complete infatuation. But her heavy black draperies and the sadness of her face had made him fear that she mourned too sincerely for a lost love to ever value his; though from the day on which they talked together of the Tyrones he had dared to cherish a dear and definite hope.

Something of all this he told her one evening when they had lingered longer than usual on the lake.

"All the joy of my life has gone out of it," she said, in her exquisite, matchless voice. "There is nothing left."

"Nothing left!" he exclaimed, hotly, "for one as young as you—one who is loved as I love you?" He threw down his oars and bowed low over her, pressing his lips to the hands folded in her lap.

"See, I will give my life for you. I will make you too happy to remember that you ever suffered. Tell me that I may do this, Narcisse!" And though she turned her face aside, she did not say him nay.

"It's a clear case of infatuation, Ward. To think that you of all men should become a victim. For the first time in your legal, logical life you have reached a conclusion without any premises. What do you know of Mrs. Voullaire?"

So replied Dr. Latimer to the enthusiastic confidences of his friend concerning the woman who had tacitly given her future into his keeping. There was a certain element in his tone which Percival instantly resented.

"What do I know of her?" he replied, indignantly. "That she loves me and I worship her. What more do I need to know?"

"Much more, Ward, if you will pardon me for answering your question."

"Ah, you are doubtless recalling your own experience. Had I ever been deceived, as you were— Forgive me, John," he added, quickly, at a change in his friend's face. "It is brutal in me to open that old wound."

Ward Percival wondered that any man could be so insensible to any one's regard as John Latimer seemed to be to that of Mrs. Voullaire. She had been strongly attached to him from the first—so she confided to Percival as he enlarged upon the superior qualities of his friend. She asked countless questions concerning him.

"She cares for him because he is my friend," he said, to himself, smiling at her interest.

Yet Dr. Latimer, always the courteous gentleman, seemed to care nothing for Mrs. Voullaire beyond his anxiety that she should make, not mar, the future of his friend.

CHAPTER II.

AS the days passed on, and the period of Percival's vacation drew near its close, it troubled him not a little that he could get from Mrs. Voullaire no definite statement as to when she would become his wife. The very mention of the matter disturbed—even irritated her. For the first time in his practical, prosaic life, Ward Percival found himself the slave not only of a woman's smile, but what seemed to him the most unreasonable and unaccountable caprice. It perplexed him, too, that the melancholy he had tried so hard to banish grew upon her daily. The situation was a constant problem to him, yet with every hour of his life he loved her with increasing devotion.

Three times during the last week of his stay at the farmhouse she had been absent from the tea-table and invisible during the evening, unable to see her lover, so her maid reported, suffering from so severe a headache. On Percival's insistence, Dr. Latimer made a call upon her, greatly to the indignation of the maid, who resented the attention. Judging from the doctor's report, the lady's indisposition was not serious, but at its third recurrence Percival grew alarmed.

"You must attend to Narcisse whether she chooses or not," he said, curtly, to his friend; but the doctor's hesitating and evasive reply only helped to still further perplex and trouble him.

"I'm going for a long walk," he said, abruptly.

"If for some mysterious reason you choose not to go to Narcisse, come with me."

"It is good of you to suggest it, Ward, but in my opinion you're just in the mood for a solitary stroll. I'll stay at home to-night."

"And we'll have a game of chess when I get back," Percival called out, as he strode away. Dr. Latimer made no reply.

The walk was prolonged later than he had anticipated. On his return he went directly to the doctor's room, but found it dark and deserted. Surprised at the fact, for it was past ten o'clock, he walked out of doors again with the vague idea of meeting him. Mrs. Voullaire's rooms were on the ground-floor in a wing of the house. A light was placed in one of the windows, the curtain was drawn up, and the quadroom stood in the doorway apparently anxious and alert. Percival watched her for some minutes, at the end of which time he heard footsteps close beside him in the darkness, the soft rustle of a woman's dress, the quick, low, eager words of a man whose voice he recognized as that of Dr. Latimer.

"You shall tell me" he pleaded. "It is my right to know."

"To-morrow," was the reply he heard, as Mrs. Voullaire came full into the lamplight. Her maid stepped outside and met her, took her hat and shawl, and in another minute had closed the door and drawn down the curtain.

"John Latimer!"

"Ward!"

The two men stood near together, though they could barely see other faces in the darkness.

"What does this mean?"

"I—you—I—" the doctor began.

Percival's hand fell heavily on his shoulder.

"No lies to me. I want the truth!"

Dr. Latimer attempted to remove his hand.

"See here, Ward. Wait—listen. I was called down the mountain to see a sick child and—"

"God in heaven! And you think I believe that?"

He clutched his friend by the throat and thrust him backward. There was an instant's struggle between them, then Percival forced him down.

"Shall I kill you?" he hissed, "my best friend who has taken from me—I begin to understand the— Fool, dupe that I—"

But Dr. Latimer had regained his feet. He seized Percival and held him fast.

"You're a lunatic!" he cried. "Listen to me. You've known me too many years to believe me a rascal. I care too much for you to see you the victim of a— Narcisse Voullaire has betrayed you, but not to me. You have blamed me for my lack of confidence in the woman you love. I could never believe in her, though I longed to do so for your sake. This is not the first time—"

"Go on! go on!" Percival gasped, as his friend hesitated.

"Not the first time that I—that she—that I have discovered circumstances as—"

He stopped again.

"And have never told me?"

"You know that I distrusted her. If you had allowed me to state my reasons, when perhaps it would not have been so great a blow to you, and—I was sent for, as I told you. Howard's child is very sick. I overtook Mrs. Voullaire on my way back. Let her tell you where she had been—where she was when I went to her room at your request one night—what man she parted from down by Mose Peters's cabin. I do not know."

Ward Percival groaned, as, released from the doctor's grasp, he staggered back against a tree.

"But I heard your excited words—heard you claim it as your right that she—"

"That she should no longer delay the explanation I have once before demanded of her—that I was bound to have—for your sake. It will not be necessary for her to give it to me now," he continued. "She promised to do so to-morrow. Let her explain to you instead. I had hoped it was something you need never know."

Dr. Latimer left the breakfast-table before Mrs. Voullaire appeared the next morning. Ward Percival, who had watched, open-eyed, through the night hours, was in his usual place when she took her seat beside him.

"You were ill last night, Narcisse?"

"Very ill. This morning the pain is gone. But I have not raised my head since I left you yesterday. Such suffering!"

"Where did you go last night?" he asked, in a slow, hard voice.

"Where did I—go?"

She repeated the words as if they conveyed no meaning to her. Her large, beautiful eyes, with a child's expression of innocence, gazed directly into his.

"I don't understand," she said, simply. "You know I went to my room yesterday afternoon."

A liar—and what else? And he had been ready to strangle his friend for the false woman who sat at his side. He had not even speculated as to what her answer would be to the question he had determined to ask. His great pain and fear had paralyzed all thought. But he was conscious that this thing he had not expected. She had lied to him, and he knew it.

She watched him curiously for a moment as he sat silent, stolid, not daring to give vent—till he could better trust himself—to the rage and despair which filled his heart.

"It is impossible that you presume to doubt my word?" she said, as he gave no sign of speech, but looked at her with staring eyes. "If so, you will be kind enough to excuse me until such time as you come to your senses and explain yourself."

The quadroom, appearing in the doorway, gave her mistress a significant look, in response to which Mrs. Voullaire rose hurriedly and joined her just outside the door. He saw her read a tiny note, crush it in her hand and disappear down the hallway. For a few minutes he sat quite still, thinking, if his passionate mental process could be called by that name. Was that communication from John Latimer? Was his friend false to him after all? With a curse ground between his teeth he rose and followed her—to Dr. Latimer's room.

The door was wide open. Dr. Latimer, grave and dignified, stood facing Mrs. Voullaire whose back was towards the door. She had not heard Ward Percival's footsteps, heavy and hurried though they were. At a sign from Dr. Latimer he remained motionless.

"This is the explanation you have twice demanded of me," she was saying, in a strained, high voice that he would not have recognized as hers. "You asked it 'for his sake,' but I give it for yours only. I have told you the truth. It is harder than you know for me to feel myself mistrusted, misjudged by you."

A duller man than John Latimer could not have failed to understand the tone and emphasis of those last words. His face flushed redly. He drew back as if she repelled him. She did not appear to notice the movement.

"And you must help me," she hurried on. "I would beg for it on my knees if necessary. If he lives, Ward Percival will save him, for my sake. I have intended that from the first. But you must help him now. He writes that he is worse this morning. If he should die!"

She held out in her hand the little crushed note with an unutterable expression—as if looking at some dead face that she loved—then with a great, dry sob she turned and hurried from the room. Ward Percival stepped aside to let her pass. She did not see him as she went.

"You have a grim revenge ready at hand if you choose to avail yourself of it," Dr. Latimer said, placing his hand sympathetically on the bowed head of the man who had flung himself into chair. "You can cause the arrest of her brother Louis Tyrone."

"Tyrone!"

Percival sprang to his feet again.

"He is hiding in the hut of that black wood-chopper, Mose Peters. Come with me, Ward."

The two men started down the road together. Old Mose Peters was anxiously awaiting them in his cabin door. Mrs. Voullaire had already reached and entered the little house.

"Poor Massa Louis, he's asleep now," the old man said, with scarcely a trace of negro dialect. He drew them further away that they might not disturb him. "You are his friends? Miss Narcisse trusts you or she would not ask you to come?" he said, eagerly. Dr. Latimer drew back a step and waited for his companion to answer.

"Neither Mrs. Voullaire nor her brother have anything to fear from us," Ward Percival said, in a firm voice.

"Poor Massa Louis," the old man reiterated. "It's an unlucky family. It's the temper—the"

temper. They were always good to me and my old woman. My father and grandfather picked cotton on their plantations. When Massa Louis got into trouble he started to come to me. His sister, she come, too, to stay nearby till they could get away to Europe. Then the officers got on his track again, and he had to lay low a long time, half-starved in the woods, I guess. Miss Narcisse, she come to the farmhouse and wait and wait, breaking her heart for him, for she worships her brother. And he only got here last week, sick, broken-down—so broken-down! Poor Massa Louis!"

At that moment a shriek rang out from the cabin. Percival shuddered. It was the cry of distress from the woman he loved. The old man darted into the cabin. The two left alone gazed at each other with suspended breath. Old Mose Peters presently reappeared in the doorway. They approached him as he beckoned.

"No use!" He pointed to the medicine-case in the doctor's hand. "Massa Louis is gone."

"Gone?"

Even Dr. Latimer was unprepared for that.

"Like a child. He jess went to sleep. He'll never wake up again in this world. Go to her. She has sent me for her maid."

In the little cabin Narcisse Voullaire stood erect and white beside the dead body of her brother. That one shriek, which had seemed like the breaking of a human heart, was the only expression of sorrow which escaped her. She looked with wide, anguished eyes past Ward Percival to Dr. Latimer, who followed close behind him.

"You would have saved him if you could," she said. "Everybody can know it now. He is safe enough!"

There was an exultant tone in those last words. Ward Percival laid his hand very tenderly on her arm. She shook off his touch and looked at him as if for the first time conscious of his presence.

"The last of the Tyrones," she said, with a hysterical laugh, pointing to the figure upon the bed. "You have your wish. The race is extinct at last. 'Nothing would please me better than to get a grip on that fellow.' That is what you said. Do you remember? There he is! Take him, if it will please you now."

"Oh, Narcisse, if you love me—" he began, piteously.

"Love you! When did I ever tell you that I loved you? Unscrupulous, passionate, you called us all. 'The Tyrore women are no more to be trusted than the men.' Perhaps your memory is not as good as mine, but we are a race that never forgots, and you may trust us to avenge such insults. If I could have used you as a tool to save my brother—"

"Mrs. Voullaire!"

It was Dr. Latimer's grave voice striking in upon the quick passion of hers. At the sound of his voice her manner changed instantly. She made a swift movement towards him, caught his hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I will spare him because he is your friend," she said, with strange humility and with unmistakable passion in the words; "not because he is anything to me or could be. It was the Tyrore temper that sent my husband from me. If only he could have died and my brother been spared to me! Ah, do not be surprised," she went on, more quickly as he gave a start of astonishment. "Is there anything you may not expect from a Tyrore? If I had loved him?" She made a gesture expressive of infinite contempt, and her voice fell again. "No, I never loved my husband. I never knew why I loved him. You could have made of me a woman you would not despise. Love is a redemption, they say. It is the sort of salvation which has never come to a Tyrore. You were good to me. You were willing to help my brother. For that I could almost forgive the man who hated him and all our race."

It was doubtful if either of the two men heard the last words. Cleo and old Mose were nearing the house, and Dr. Latimer drew his friend away from it as he saw them coming.

"To think that I must love her for ever!" Ward Percival groaned, as some hours after they talked together of the Tyrones.

"For ever is a long time, my friend."

Dr. Latimer almost smiled as he said it, out of his practical experience that suffering is not eternal, and love for such a woman—

Of course society speculates, as the years go by, why the famous Dr. Latimer and the brilliant Judge Percival have never married. But they smile if by chance they hear it, and rest satisfied in the love of their professional labors and of each other.

"For ever" was a short time, after all.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SIGNING THE TREATY WITH KING JOHN.

We have from time to time given illustrations of the recent mission of Sir Admiral Hewett to Abyssinia for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with King John. Elsewhere we gave a picture of the actual signing of the treaty on the 3d of June. All the members of the English mission then in Adowa were present at the signing, which took place under a tent in the precincts of the Royal Palace, being dressed in the various modes that the royal favor of the King had presented to them. The admiral, besides being furnished with his royal toga of nobility, was almost lost to view in a shoulder-piece of lion's mane, or short cloak, with several tails. Other officers were collared in a similar manner with the skins of the black leopard. Their appearance was more grotesque than artistic; for the European attire asserted itself beneath this Abyssinian splendor, and would not allow the toga to exhibit its folds as gracefully as on the naked skins of the natives of the country. Their swords of honor they wore in Abyssinian fashion on their right sides. A silver gauntlet of quaint workmanship and shield of hide, bolted with silver, was also given by the King

to the three principal officers of the mission, the rest being silk-shirted, or togaed, receiving a piece of fine cotton cloth, with a silk woven stripe down the centre. The Negusti seal, with which the treaty was signed, represents a lion's head engraved on a piece of metal, the surface of which is rubbed over with pigment, generally blue, and pressed on the paper.

HANS HENRIK.

In connection with pictures of the ill-starred Greely expedition, we give a portrait of Hans Henrik, the celebrated Eskimo interpreter and guide—now a Christian—who accompanied Kane, Hayes, Hall, Nares and Nordenskjöld on their Polar expeditions. We also give an illustration of Disco Island, where one of the survivors, Sergeant Ellison, died on his way home.

SHARPSHOOTERS' FESTIVAL AT LEIPZIG.

The ancient City of Leipzig has lately been en fête. Her quaint old streets have echoed to *hochs* at all and every hour of the twenty-four, and her sons and daughters made holiday for one whole week, during which was held the great sharpshooters' festival, a gathering that ever commands an enormous and enthusiastic attendance. His Majesty the King of Saxony honored the festival with his presence, and fair dames strewed the streets with flowers for the victorious marksmen to pass over. The great occasion of the *fête* was the presentation by the City of Munich to the City of Leipzig of a superb flag. This flag is of crimson silk, worked in gold bullion, with the double eagle in black. The flag was received on the part of Leipzig with all honor, and at the banquet that followed the speeches of the eminent personages in attendance all tended to depict the brotherly feeling between the two cities.

THE ANTI-SEMITIC MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

Russia is at present the principal seat of the persecution of the Jews, which, in many countries and under various forms, has been kept up ever since the divine tragedy of Golgotha. The smallest pretext serves to bring violence upon the unfortunate Israelites. Any number of examples might be taken from the events which have occurred in Russia during the past year or two. Our illustration is of one of the most recent. At Konovino, a village near Nijni-Novogorod, the report was spread that a child had been stolen by the Jews and concealed in their synagogue. The excited populace gathered in front of the house wherein the Jewish oratory was situated, broke in the doors and windows, and forced an entrance to the temple. The terrified inmates took refuge in the garret, but were dragged forth and unmercifully beaten. The mob then proceeded to the residence of a prominent Israelite where similar scenes were enacted. A number of other houses were sacked, and their inhabitants wounded or killed; and there is no saying where the riot would have stopped, had not the authorities of Nijni-Novogorod finally intervened. It required a battalion of troops to subdue the rioters, about one hundred and fifty of whom were arrested, and who will be tried by the courts.

AN ENGLISH DOCTRINE OF SCIENCE.

The London University rejoices in a lady Doctor of Sciences, the first in Great Britain. Mrs. Sophia Bryant, who has attained this distinction, matriculated in the University in 1879, gaining the second place in the Honors division. She passed the Intermediate Examination in Science in 1880, obtaining a place in first division at the Pass Examination and the second place in the second class in mathematical honors. At the Bachelor of Science Examination in 1881 she was again placed in the first division at the Pass Examination, and passed with double honors, being placed alone in the second class in mathematics, and gaining the first place in the first class in Mental and Moral Science. At the examination for the degree of Doctor of Science she stands alone in the sixteenth branch of examination, the requirements of which are a "thorough practical knowledge" of psychology, logic and ethics, and a "general acquaintance" with the physiology of the nervous system and organs of sense in man and other animals; with the history of philosophy, political philosophy and political economy. Mrs. Bryant has recently been appointed one of the lecturers for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and is the only lady holding that post.

THE IRON BRIDGE AT EKATERINOSLAV.

The Ekaterinoslav iron bridge, of which we give an illustration, is the third in Europe as regards length. It is 4,557 feet long, and three years were required to build it. It cost about three million rubles. Its builder was Engineer Berezin, who had constructed the Volga bridge, the longest in Europe—4,872 feet. The bridge was formally opened in May last.

SENATOR THURMAN'S FISH STORY.

ONCE upon a time, when crowded about his Presidential aspirations, Mr. Thurman replied, "I really have no ambition in that direction." A look of incredulity on every face was the only response. The Judge took in these looks and related a little story:

"One Summer I was at the Oakland House, Maryland, spending a little vacation up in the cool mountain region. We got telling fish stories. I related something of my own experience when I was present and caught a catfish weighing ninety pounds. When I told the weight there was a general laugh, and I was humorously awarded the prize for telling fish stories. I quietly remarked to my incredulous friends that I hoped soon to convince them of the correctness of my story that in Western waters there were catfish of ninety pounds weight. When I returned to Columbus I went to the leading restaurateur, and instructed him to procure for me the largest catfish that could possibly be secured. He reported in a few days that he had one. I walked over, and found an excellent specimen weighing seventy-five pounds. I had him boxed and carefully packed in ice, and shipped him by express to my disbelieving friends at the Oakland. From the restaurateur I got all the recipes I could for catfish chowder, catfish steaks, stuffed catfish, roast, etc., and sent them on by mail. I telegraphed as follows: 'Skin your fish before you cook him,' a catfish's skin being so rank as to spoil the flesh when the fish is cooked with it on. They got my telegram and were puzzled. When the box arrived, dripping from the melting ice, they were more puzzled. The letter, which arrived by the same train as the fish, explained all. They had a fine feast, and at it formally organized, with a president and secretary, and passed the following resolution, which was sent to me: 'Resolved, That the truth of Allen G. Thurman's statements should never be questioned; that his fish stories are always absolutely true, especial, his catfish stories.'"

FACTS OF INTEREST.

The highest railway in the world is now being constructed at Pike's Peak, Col. It will reach an altitude of 14,220 feet above the level of the sea. Out of the thirty miles of track, there will be no straight track longer than 300 feet.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has sent a gold watch and chain to Captain Brien, commander of the British barkentine *Susan*, in recognition of his bravery in rescuing the officers and crew of the American ship *Tennessee* while that vessel was burning at sea.

BARTHOLDI wants to have the big statue up so that it may be inaugurated in September, 1885, to commemorate the signing of the treaty of Versailles 100 years before. He estimates the cost of statue and pedestal when in place at half a million dollars.

In the Maryland waters the old custom of fishing for soft-shell crabs with nets in shallow water is to be extended by dredging in deep water. It has been discovered, much to the surprise of the oldest fishermen, that crabs do not always shed their shells in shallow places.

A DAIRYMAN in Milan keeps an intelligent rooster in his bedroom to wake him up in the morning. The bird, in order not to disturb his master's slumber, refrains from crowing until six o'clock, when he emits one loud crow, jumps upon the bed, and begins eagerly to peck at the slumberer. He has been taught that his breakfast of corn depends upon it, and he knows when it is six as correctly as the clock does.

WOMEN who have vainly ransacked the rattan and willow-ware shops for chairs like those in Du Maurier's pictures—chairs which have high curved backs to support the head, and rest on basket-work frames instead of on four legs—now find that they are of Madeira manufacture, and the first importation of them is not likely to be the last, for every one of which is bought is a missionary to convert half a dozen buyers to the belief that they must have one precisely like it.

The grants which have been lately made from the fund at the disposal of the British Crown for impecunious *litterateurs* have been very freely criticised. A son of the poet Southey has got £100 a year, and people are asking if the hereditary principle is to be brought into poetry since Tennyson has been raised to the peerage. The pension which has excited the most scandal is that given to Matthew Arnold, who has already an excellent salary as an inspector of schools, and who is able to command his own terms in the literary market for any literature he may deign to contribute.

The Spanish navy consisted in 1883 of five iron-clads, an ironclad monitor, a floating battery and 117 other vessels. The navy possesses, besides, thirty-five gunboats for the defense of the island of Cuba and Porto Rico. According to the new proposals, the reorganization of the fleet ought to be completed in ten years, at the end of which time Spain would possess twelve ironclads, two ironclad cruisers, seven first-class cruisers, nine second-class cruisers, eleven third-class cruisers, thirty-two torpedo boats and six transports. A sum of 230,000,000 pesetas (about \$46,000,000), to be spent in ten years, is demanded from the Government.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Western paper has waxed enthusiastic over a horticultural discovery which he made the other day in New Orleans. In the French quarter of that city he found an old judge, a botanist of a practical turn of mind, who had constructed a floral clock of plants which are known to blossom about certain hours of the day or night. By his system the day hours of twelve, one, two and three are told by different species of the portulaca, the well-known "four o'clock" denotes the hour of that name, six o'clock is the geranium and seven the evening primrose, ten the night-flowering cactus, and so on through the twenty-four hours.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 8th.—In Wiscasset, Me., Captain Samuel Jackson, a well-known sea-captain, aged 50 years; in New York, General Albert T. Durham. August 9th.—In Switzerland, Louis de Coppet, an old New York merchant, aged 72 years; in London, England, Sir Erasmus Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S., the well-known medical writer, aged 75 years; in Newark, N. J., ex-Judge Herman Ise, aged 66 years; in Baltimore, Md., the Rev. Dr. J. Pickney Hammond, Rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church; in Washington, D. C., John B. Dawson, a clerk in the Pension Office, and a prominent Mason. August 10th.—In New Orleans, La., R. B. Elliot, one of the most noted colored men in the United States; in Bennington, Vt., George Vandenhoff, Jr., actor, aged 25 years. August 11th.—In New York, Franklin J. Ottarson, a well-known journalist of this city, aged 75 years; in New Haven, Conn., Captain Henry Lowe, a well-known Sound pilot, aged 84 years; in London, England, the Right Rev. Piers Calveley Claghton, D.D., Chaplain-general to Her Majesty's forces, aged 70 years; in Germany, Mme. Amalie Haizinger, the famous German actress, aged 80 years. August 12th.—In Merced County, Cal., Jonas Min-turn, a prominent New Yorker; in Orange, N. Y., the Rev. John L. Watson, formerly a Chaplain in the Navy, aged 87 years; in Bristol, Conn., G. N. Lee, a prominent Democratic politician of Saratoga Co., N. Y. August 13th.—In London, England, Arthur Richard Wellesley, the second Duke of Wellington, aged 77 years; in Saratoga, N. Y., Nathan Chandler, head of the New York branch of the Paris banking firm, John Monroe & Co., aged 72 years; in France, Charles A. A. E. Dumont, the eminent archaeologist. August 14th.—In Newark, N. J., Colonel Morgan L. Smith, an old and well-known resident, aged 83 years; in Boston, Mass., Henry F. Miller, a prominent piano manufacturer; in Detroit, Mich., Colonel Ebenezer Sproat Sibley, last survivor of the siege of Detroit by the British in 1812, aged 79 years; in Suismun, Cal., Captain Robert H. Waterman, one of the best-known sea-captains in America, aged 75 years. August 14th.—In Beach Haven, N. J., the Hon. Charles Gibbons, a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bar, aged 71 years. August 15th.—In Newburg, N. Y., the Rev. John Brown, for sixty-three years rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in that place, and one of the oldest Masons in the country, aged 93 years; in New York, the Rev. W. P. Flannely, rector of St. Cecilia's Church in this city, aged 42 years; in Passaic, N. J., the Rev. Nicholas Schneider, for eleven years parish priest of the Catholic congregation in that place, aged 62 years; in Charlottesville, Va., Henry William Murray, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia Masons, aged 54 years; in Paris, France, Dr. Burg, the distinguished physician whose lecture on cholera was lately reported.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL BUTLER will be sixty-six years old in November.

HENRI ROCHEFORT is at present the idol of Belleville, the centre of Radicalism in Paris.

A STATUE of George Sand was unveiled recently at La Châtre, the nearest town to her birthplace.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON, United States Minister to Germany, sailed from New York for his new post of duty on the 13th instant.

THE SWISS Government refuses to accept Colonel Frei's resignation as Minister to the United States, and he last week started for Washington.

MR. GLADSTONE's followers will wear on his birthday a bunch of lilies, with oak and ivy leaves, representing purity, strength and tenacity.

EX-GOVERNOR FOSTER, of Ohio, was last week nominated for Congress in the Seventh District in that State, but promptly declined the honor.

REV. NEWMAN HALL, of London, is now in this country where he will remain for three months. He will make a tour through the States to study the religious and educational conditions of the people.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD, author of "Mr. Isaacs, etc.," is just now in Constantinople. The successful novelist it is said, about to be married to Miss Berder, daughter of General Berder, "of the guns."

GENERAL BUTLER's return to the assessors of Lowell shows that his income from his profession is \$100,000. His horses and yacht *America* are valued at \$30,000, and his real estate in Lowell at \$60,500.

MR. DE MEISSNER, the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, has been transferred in the same capacity to Switzerland, and will be succeeded at the legation at Washington by Mr. Alexander Gregor.

MRS. MARY STILLWELL EDISON, wife of the inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, died suddenly on the 9th instant at her late residence at Menlo Park, N. J. She was twenty-nine years of age and leaves surviving her three children.

JAMES WHISTLER, the American artist, has added another to his list of audacious sayings. A friend recently told him that the world had seen but two great painters—Whistler and Velasquez. The artist's retort was, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT, late editor of the New York *World*, was married on the 9th instant to Miss Catherine Parker Tracy at the residence of Mr. Ernst Beckett, Dennison, Kirkstan Grange, Yorkshire, England. The pair will pass the Winter in Rome.

THE MAORI King who has been slightly given to exhalation, was recently initiated into the Temperance Order of Good Templars, in London. The ceremony was performed by Grand Worthy Chief Templar Malins, assisted by a sister of John Bright.

AMERICUS SYMMES, son of the "Symmes's hole" man, lectured at Louisville the other evening to a small audience upholding his father's crank notion and finding arguments in Greely's Arctic experiences. He is a white-haired old man, and looks like a well-to-do farmer.

MESSRS. WALTER POLLOCK and ANDREW LANG will make a lecture tour of America in the Fall. Mr. Walter Pollock is editor of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Andrew Lang is one of its contributors. Both have won distinction outside of their journal. Mr. Pollock has translated Musset; Mr. Lang has composed ballades in the manner of the old French writers.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK, "one of the greatest tenors of five-and-twenty years ago," is a remarkable instance of the vitality of a human being under difficulties. He was heard, according to the correspondent of an English newspaper, singing at Grenada last year, with all his accustomed vigor, sixty-four years after his birth and six months after his death.

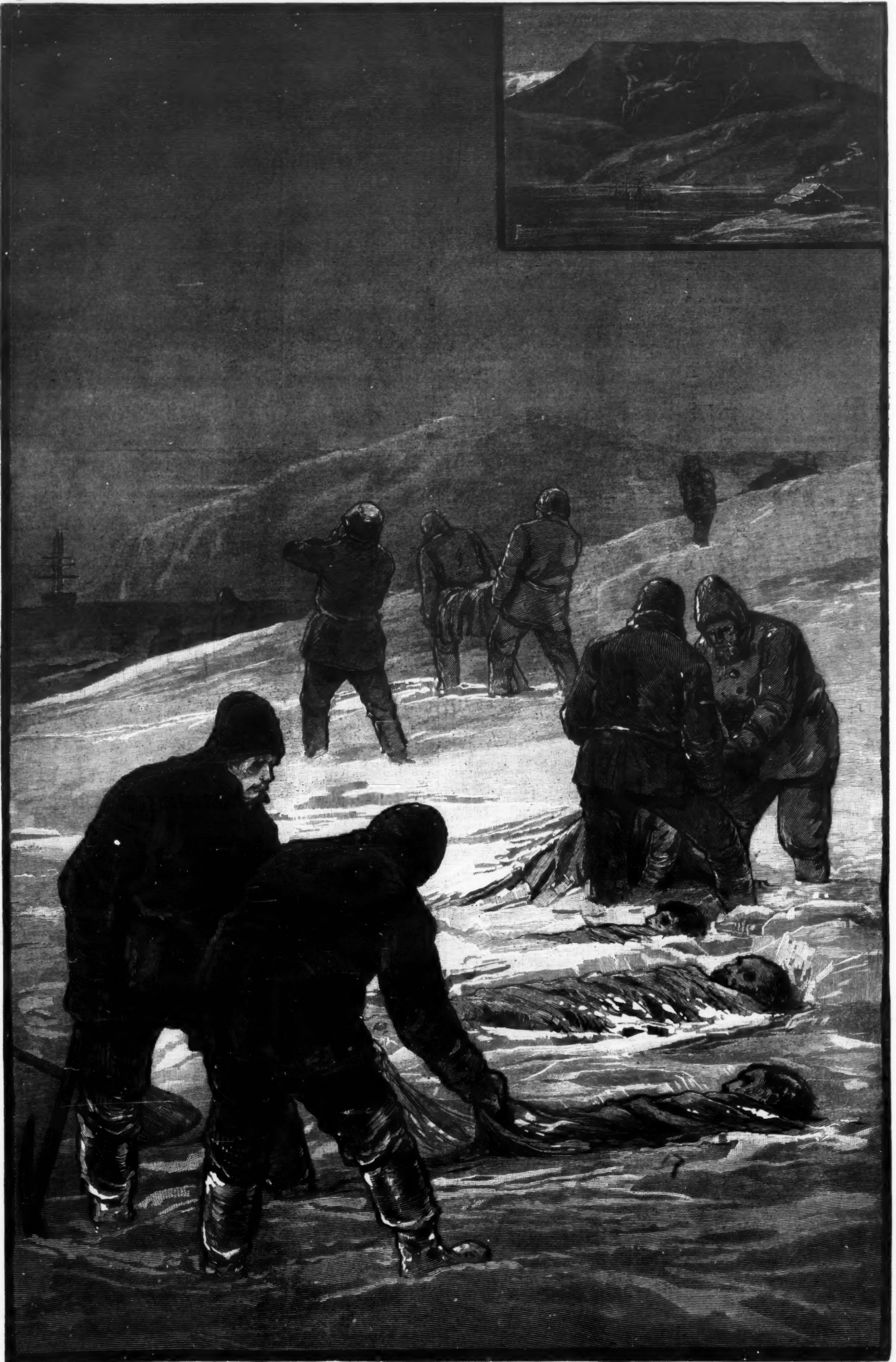
RICHARD HOWELL, of Wolverhampton, the English champion bicyclist for all distances except one mile, will visit the United States in the Fall to compete at the bicycle tournament to be held at Springfield, Mass. He will be accompanied by a famous Yorkshire amateur and by Mr. Leeming, formerly a professional rider, but now the representative of a firm of bicycle manufacturers.

MR. BURDETT COULTS, the husband of the octogenarian millionaire, has recently attracted great attention in London by his attendance at the popular sermons of distinguished divines, and is now, on leaving church, surrounded by an admiring mob. His elderly wife dresses in the quietest black, while he sports a suit of the extravagant cut and the flaring colors dear to the drivers of hansom cabs and other cheap swells.

FRANKLIN J. OTTARSON, who died in Bellevue Hospital last week, was a well-known newspaper man in New York for many years. He held a prominent place on the *Tribune* before the war, and was Horace Greeley's trusted assistant and friend. He did all forms of newspaper work, and was at various times reporter, editorial writer, dramatic critic, managing editor and versifier. He was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death.

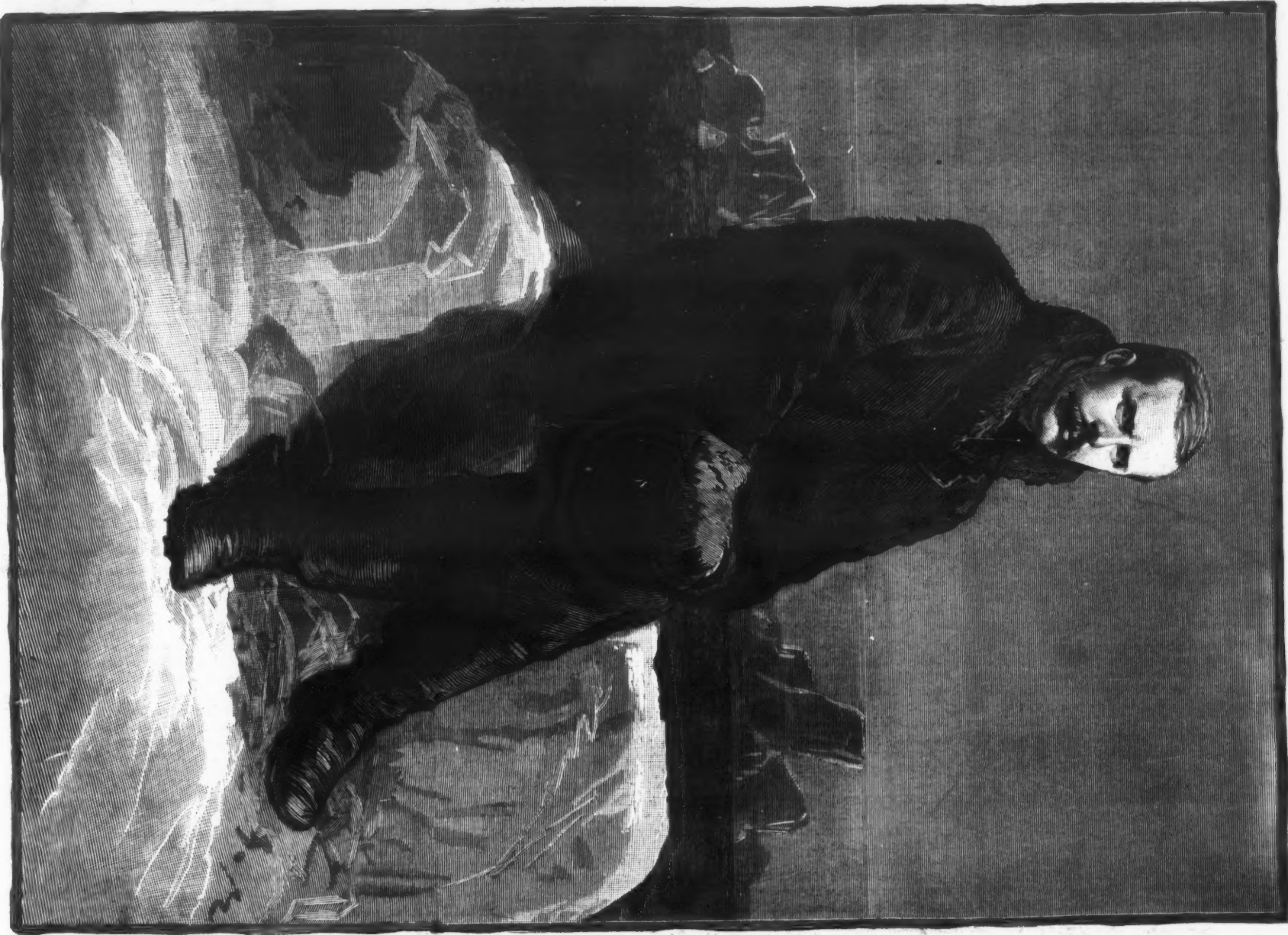
A MARYLAND colored man has just become the founder of an institution of charity for the benefit of members of his race. The philanthropist is Solomon McCabe, of Baltimore, who died a few days ago. He was for many years a barber, and by industry and thrift accumulated a snug fortune of about \$75,000. By his will he leaves his residence to the Trustees of Bethel and Trinity African Methodist Episcopal Churches, to be used as a home for aged colored people. He also gives a generous endowment to the Home, and at the death of his married daughters all his property is to go to this object.

THE late second Duke of Wellington, when he bore the title of Marquis of Douro, once had the misfortune, as an army officer, to incur the serious displeasure of his distinguished father. His regiment had been ordered to Dover. As soon as it arrived all the officers left cards at Walmer Castle. Douro, as the son of the house, felt himself dispensed from the observance of this formula. Wellington thought otherwise and invited all the officers to dinner except his own son. Douro did not venture to go without an invitation, but called on his father and asked what the omission meant. "Why, sir," replied the Duke, in a state of calm irritation, "these gentlemen did me the honor to call on me, and I have returned their civility. You did not call and so I was not bound to invite you." No wonder that father and son saw little of each other.

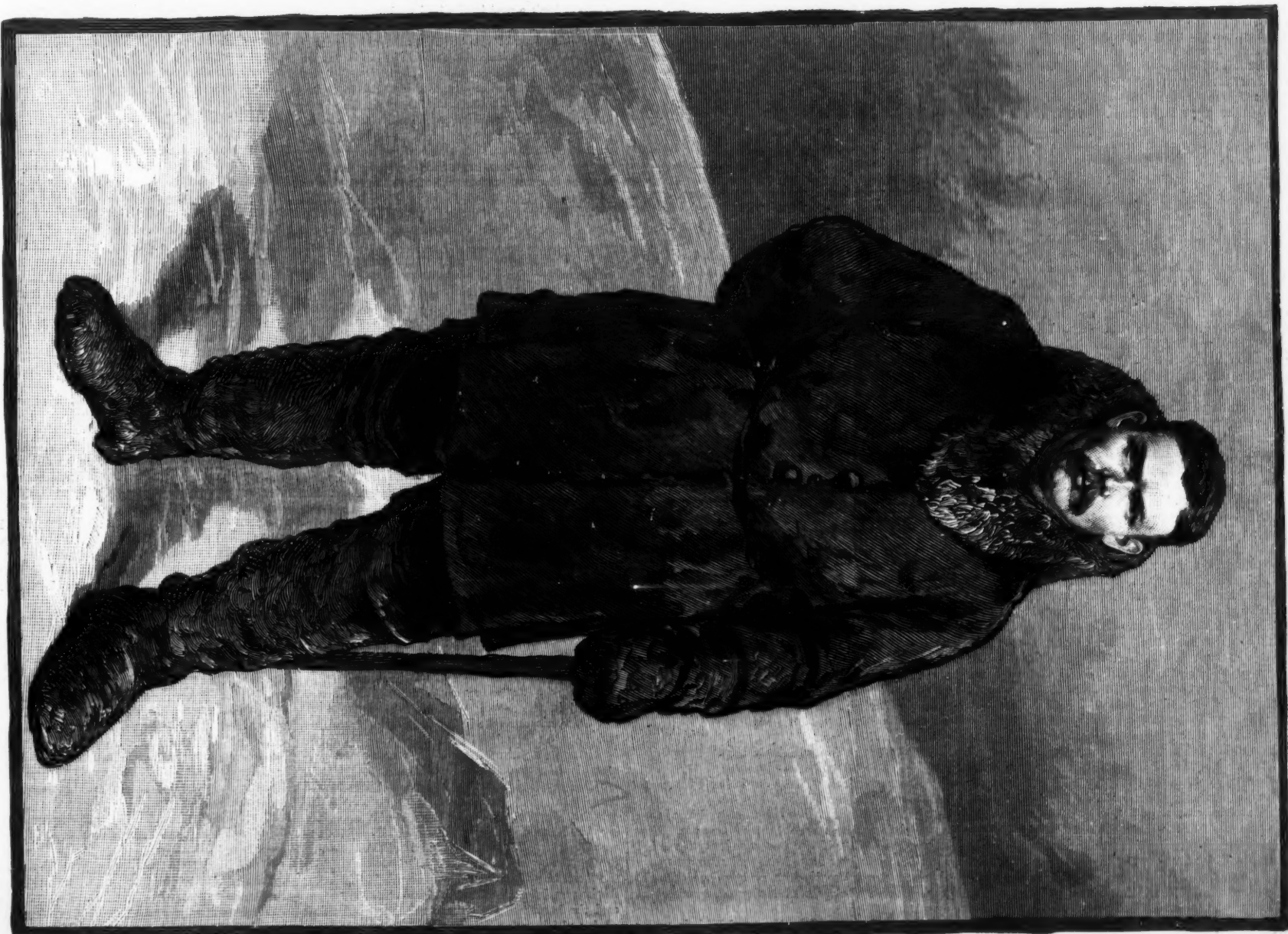


1. Disco Island, where one of the Survivors of the Expedition died on the way Home.

THE DEAD OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.—THE DISINTERMENT OF THEIR BODIES AT CAPE SABINE, BY MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF PARTY.—FROM SKETCHES AND DESCRIPTIONS BY PARTICIPANTS.—SEE PAGE 11.



LEFT, FREDERICK F. KIMMINGBURY, WHOSE FLESH WAS EATEN BY HIS COMRADES.
THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY AND ITS VICTIMS.—SEE PAGE 11.



PRIVATE CHARLES B. HENRY, WHO WAS SHOT FOR STEALING PROVISIONS.

AMBER, THE WAIF.

(Continued.)

BY K. F. HILL.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

MAG timed her visit to the lighthouse judiciously; she arrived when Sebastian was hard at work painting, and Amber was busy over her household duties.

"Ah, deary!" said the hag, out of breath with her ascent of the step-ladder; "so there you are, so beautiful and strong, after everybody thinking you were dead and gone."

She sank into a chair without waiting for an invitation, and smiled upon the girl, who was washing the breakfast dishes.

"Are you the old woman who took care of me when Sebastian brought me here?" asked Amber, calmly.

"Yes, deary; dear, dear, how I did cry to be sure. I thought you were dead—I did really." She rubbed her hands together, wringing them, and chuckling to herself.

"What did you do with the belt you took off my waist?" inquired the girl, as she arranged the dishes neatly upon the shelf.

"What belt, deary?"

She blinked and affected an appearance of the utmost innocence.

"The belt I wore around my waist; you took it off—where is it?"

Amber had never seen Mag before, but her face was so thoroughly evil that the girl instantly decided that she was the thief who had deprived her of her papers. With the unquestioning instinct of youth she decided, and no amount of argument could convince her that she was mistaken.

"Deary, I don't know what you are saying," said Mag; but in her own mind she knew that she could never set Amber's suspicions at rest. She was a keen judge of character, and the young girl's firm, straightforward accusation daunted her.

"I'll tell you what I am talking about," said Amber, putting the last dish in its place and taking a seat near the window calmly and coldly. "When the ship was to go down I was terribly confused. It was pitch-dark, and the rain was coming down in torrents. The lightning, too, was blinding, and I was terrified and confused. One of the men on the ship—I believe it was the mate—helped me on deck and kept near me; soon we were in the water, and he tied me fast to a spar; he held on for a while, but at last he let go; he said: 'Good-by, God bless you! Say a prayer for me,' and I did not see him any more. Then I knew I was alone on the terrible ocean; huge waves washed over me, and I thought death had come. I was down in a black pit with blue lightning playing around me, showing the cruel glassy surface of the big waves high over my head. Then I was up again, with white foam frothing all about me, and the savage hiss of the waves breaking over me with their sharp, curling edges. Oh, it was fearful! A heavy weight seemed to press upon my head, and the lightning darted into my very eyeballs. I tried to pray for the poor sailor, but the waves rose and dashed me up and down. Now I rose high as a mountain, now I sank down into an endless abyss of black shining water that seemed solid in its cold strength, and looked cruel and relentless in the sharp glance of the lightning's lurid flash. Oh, it was terrible! But I became faint and giddy. The fearful motion, now up, now down, turned my head. I never, as a child, could go upon a swing without fainting, and this was like the motion of a swing a million times intensified. Then all the horrors that surrounded me! The black, inky surface of the angry ocean, the dull boom of the thunder, the fierce flash of the lightning, and the cruel, crawling white foam! I was thankful when I could see, could hear, no more, but before that moment came I died a thousand deaths. They say drowning is a pleasant death. It is false; it is a fearful, a bitterly cruel death!"

Mag listened to the recital with an aghast face; a shudder shook her old frame. Was it a presentiment of her own coming fate?

"But almost the last thing I remember," resumed Amber, her large eyes fixed on old Mag's face, "was putting up my hand to push the rope that held me away, and, feeling the belt safe about my waist, I thought, as one thinks in a dream, that if the spar washed up on shore with my body people would know who I was. My papers were safe when I came ashore; you must know what became of them."

The hag had recovered herself by the time Amber ceased speaking, and she now put on an injured look, and pitched her voice in a doleful whine. "I didn't see any papers, miss, an' if I had, I can't read. Maybe you lost them in the sea, deary. What were they about?"

"They were the papers which proved that I am Colonel Clayton's grandchild, and the loss of them has deprived me of a fortune," said Amber, her eyes still fixed on old Mag's face, from the expression of which she, however, could read nothing. "Dear, dear, too bad," mumbled the old woman. "I wish I'd seen them, deary—I do, I'm sure."

"You say that you did not?" queried Amber. "No, my dear; if I'd seen them I'd have given them to Mr. Sebastian. Of course I would, deary."

Amber saw it was useless to persist, though she was firmly convinced that Mag told a falsehood. For some reason this terrible-looking old woman chose to deny that she had robbed her, and as she had no proof of the theft, she must let it go. One thing she observed: Mag was not surprised when informed that Amber was Colonel Clayton's granddaughter, therefore the statement that she could not read, and did not know the purport of the papers, was false.

"I've got a message for you, deary," said the old woman, after a few minutes' silence, during

which she had been vainly trying to read the girl's face with her hideous, owl-like eyes.

"From whom?" inquired Amber, coldly.

"From your cousin, Walter Morrow," answered Mag, enjoying the girl's surprise.

"I am not acquainted with him. You must be mistaken."

"No, I ain't. He wants you to meet him by the old boat-house just at sundown. You'd better go, deary; I think you'd better go."

"I'll ask Sebastian about it," replied Amber, quietly.

"No, you had better not do that," said Mag, eagerly, "for Sebastian and your cousin are bad friends. He told me to tell you to come alone, and to say nothing about it—not a word."

Amber was puzzled. Of course she had no suspicion that the man she had met upon the beach twice and her unknown cousin were one and the same.

Why did he wish to meet her? Well, it would be no harm to ascertain. She determined she would keep the appointment and say nothing of her intention to do so to Sebastian.

"Well, I'll go there, though I am sure I do not know what he wishes to see me for."

"He'll tell you, deary. Now I'll go. Is Sebastian busy?"

"Yes, he is very busy."

"Well, I won't wait to see him."

Mag was disappointed, for she had intended driving a sharp bargain with the lighthouse-keeper, but she concluded it was better not to disturb him if he was engaged, but rather wait for a more favorable opportunity.

So, with half of her mission at the lighthouse accomplished, she departed, on the whole satisfied with her morning's work.

Amber would keep her appointment with her cousin, and the girl evidently was not aware that he was the same man she had met before.

Mag was artful enough to keep that fact to herself. As she went chuckling home she muttered:

"He doesn't know that I know the girl is Belle Clayton's daughter. Ha! ha! And he has been meeting her on the sly, not letting on that he is Walter Morrow. Oh, the wolf in sheep's clothing! Oh, the deceitful wretch! But old Mag will be there, and hear all the pretty dears have got to say. Yes, yes!"

A strong suspicion of the truth was beginning to grow stronger. What if the colonel had made a new will?

Then she would have the girl and Sebastian to deal with instead of Walter. They might be as generous as he was mean. She must ascertain by fair means or foul how the land lay. How was this to be done?

Sudden as a flash of lightning came the thought. One of the servants at Lawyer Nickleson's was an ardent believer in fortune-telling. Could not this girl be useful?

Mag must think and plan. Mrs. Nickleson had a weakness not uncommon—she gossiped with her servants; did the lawyer's wife know much of her husband's business? Nickleson was the family lawyer of the Claytons; he made the colonel's will if such a will had been made. Through the servant who believed in fortune-telling Mag hoped to obtain the longed-for information on the subject which puzzled her. Then she would be in a position to make terms both with Walter and his cousin, and the papers would be disposed of to the one who paid the best price.

Amber knew she was doing wrong to meet the supposed strange cousin without telling Sebastian of her intention to do so. She had already slighted his request to keep silent by telling her story to the young man she met at the old boat-house. Why should she repeat the offense for the sake of pleasing this man who had declared her an impostor and refused to assist her?

She could not tell why, but some hidden motive impelled her to keep the appointment, see her cousin, and hear what he had to say. Perhaps he had come to make terms with her. She would then be wealthy and leave the lighthouse. A strange pang shot through her heart at the thought. She did not wish to leave the quiet shelter where she had been so happy. And Sebastian, how could she leave him?

She was too grateful to wish to part from the man who had saved her life. Would he miss her? She delighted in thinking that he would do so; he must miss her if she left him; how dull the lighthouse was when he was away, even the few short hours he was absent, and he always made his visits to the shore in the daytime.

What if he went away at night—remained away altogether? How intolerable would be the solitude!

Even as she would miss Sebastian, so would Sebastian miss her. No, she must never leave him; it would be black ingratitude to do so; for surely this feeling she had for him must be gratitude. What else could it be?

She shut her eyes and tried to call up the picture of the lighthouse without Sebastian; then she tried to see in fancy how it looked if she were gone. It would be dull and dreary in any case. She must never leave him—no, never.

Just as she arrived at this conclusion she heard his voice at the top of the ladder.

"Amber!"

She ran to the door and looked up.

"Well, Sebastian."

"Are you still busy, little one? Can't you come now for your lesson?"

A joyful flush of richest crimson dyed her face; he longed for her; he missed her even now. How he would miss her if she was gone away for ever! No, she must never leave him, and after this once she must never deceive him, or keep one thought hidden from the gaze of his great, grave, blue eyes!

"I'm coming now, Sebastian, and I'll bring your pipe with me; you have forgotten it."

She ran lightly up the iron ladder with the pipe in her hand, the lovely blush still on her face.

"Amber," said Sebastian, earnestly gazing on the rich, flower-like face, with its clear-eyed, youthful beauty of tint and outline, "are you happy here?"

She glanced at his face, so full of earnest meaning, and her eyes fell; his look puzzled her. Was it gratitude she read in his eyes?

"Very happy," she answered, softly.

"That is right, little one," he said, turning away with an effort; "and now for our lesson."

CHAPTER XV.—AN EVENTFUL DAY FOR BARTY.

BARTY had always held a certain rough idea of honor, which did not agree with a habit of caves-dropping or other underhand proceedings; but, in the first place, he had listened to old Mag's conversation with the captain from a desire to serve Amber, thinking Walter Morrow was the visitor whose voice caught his ear as he approached the shanty; and, in the second place, from the knowledge he gained by that conversation he felt that he was amply justified in seeking all the information possible. He had been stolen by the man who called himself Bruce from an honorable home; his mother had also been the victim of a scheme of vengeance which Bruce had planned and carried out; his father still lived and sought for him, and of course it was his duty—in dealing with such people as Mag Norton, for that was the old woman's name, though it was scarcely ever used by herself or others, she being best known as Mother Mag, and this sea captain, who, according to his own confession, was a thorough villain—to use any means to obtain a full knowledge of his own history.

Barty watched the old woman closely; he was idle, or nearly so, for some weeks of fine weather had succeeded the storm, and the wreckers had little to do.

He knew Mag had visited the lighthouse, and he determined to ascertain what had been the object of her visit. He would also call there the following day, and, as a reason for his visit, he would go to Eldorado and demand the book Amber had left on the old log, and which he had promised to restore to her.

He lost no time in acting on this resolution, and started for the mansion as soon as he saw that old Mag had returned to her home.

The servant looked surprised when the roughly-dressed man inquired for his master.

"Yes, de mas' was home, but he was jis' going to brekfas'."

"Breakfast!" said Barty, in astonishment; "why, it's near one o'clock!"

"Well, dat's nuffin; quality folks keeps differin' hours from poo' folks."

The scornful tone of the negro irritated Barty.

"Tell your master I want to see him as soon as he finishes breakfast," he said, in a manner that proved he was not in a humor to be trifled with.

"All right! I'll dun tell him," said the man, sulkily. "You can sot down till de mas' comes out."

Barty took a seat in the hall and gazed around in surprise and admiration at the beauty of the place—the floor of gray, white and green marble, the cool, oak walls, the stained glass windows, and the trophies of the chase which hung over the door, were all new to him. Deers' heads looked down at him, and seemed as if they wondered why he came there; the broad flight of oaken stairs leading to the upper portion of the house seemed wide enough for a coach and pair, while the black marble figure—a statue of Pluto, which held the lamp at the foot—appeared to Barty a real person, and he vaguely wondered how long he stood there before he was relieved from his watch; the grim figure with the hair overhanging its brow, the scowling face and uplifted hand with the handsome lamp, impressed the young man more than all the other splendors of the magnificent dwelling. He sat there patiently, with the perfume of flowers floating in through the open doors and windows around him, and the rich tints of light falling upon the marble floor through the costly windows of stained glass, glowing like blood-drops.

"It's a beautiful place," said Barty; "but I'd rather live in a cottage near the sea where I'd feel freer."

He had not long to wait; a quick footstep sounded upon the marble floor, and Walter Morrow stood before him.

The young master of Eldorado looked pale and haggard; he had not slept, and the fear inspired by last night's mysterious "message from the dead" still oppressed him.

If it had not been that he was puzzled and anxious to discover the source from whence the letter came he would have refused to see Barty, for he never allowed any person to disturb his comfort; but the young man was unknown to the servants, and Walter fancied he might know something of the mysterious message.

"You wish to see me?" he said, with an affected carelessness he was far from feeling.

"Yes; I came here for a book you have belonging to the young lady at the lighthouse."

Barty rose as he spoke and looked Morrow straight in the face.

Walter was surprised; he did not wish Amber to know who he was till he had progressed further in his suit; he wanted to win her heart and preserve his *incognito* till it was won.

"Did she send you to ask for it?" he asked, haughtily.

"Yes, she sent me for it," said Barty, calmly.

"Well, I have not got it handy. I do not remember where I left it. Tell her it will be returned during the course of the day."

"I am in no hurry; I'll wait for it," said Barty; for he was determined to see Amber that very day, and the book was the only excuse he could think of for visiting the lighthouse.

"What do you mean? Do you think I am going

to hunt through my library immediately to accommodate you?" asked Walter, angrily.

"I think the book may as well be found now as any other time," answered Barty, stoutly.

"Why such haste? It is not a matter of life and death."

Walter realized that he could not bully Barty, so he lit a cigar carelessly and tried to assume an easy air of supercilious indifference.

"It is important to the young lady; she wishes to have the book at once."

"The book does not belong to the girl," said Walter, carelessly.

"Whose is it, then?"

"It has a name on it that certainly is not hers, and I doubt if it is the name of the man at the lighthouse, either. Very likely he stole it."

"Sebastian steal?"

Barty spoke as indignantly as if he had himself been accused of theft.

"Yes, why not? I know nothing about him; he is a stranger in Key West, I believe."

"He has been here five years, and you will find it hard to make any one believe that he is a thief."

"Well, I don't say that he is; but the name in the book is not his name."

"I want the book. You took it from the place where the young lady left it, and you must return it to her."

Barty's voice was firm, and the look of his face fully as determined.

"Must, eh?" said Walter, insolently. "You have impudence enough, at all events, to come into my house and issue your orders with such an air. Who are you?"

"My name—or rather I am called Barty Norton."

"Ah! the old witch's son. So you are the man who protects the young lady who lives in the lighthouse. I should have thought Sebastian would do that himself."

"The old woman you speak of may be a witch, for all I know. You are better acquainted with her than I am, though she has called herself my mother. You visit her at night and have a great deal of business with her, so you know best about that."

Barty felt, with untutored delicacy, that it was better to keep Amber's name out of a conversation that was fast becoming a quarrel.

"Called herself your mother!" repeated Walter, in astonishment. "Isn't she your mother?"

"No, she is not," answered Barty, boldly; he felt that he had committed a blunder in making the statement, but it was made.

"I always supposed she was."

"You were wrong. However, that has nothing to do with what brought me here. Give me the book and I'll go."

"How do I know that the young lady authorized you to receive the book?"

This question puzzled Barty.

"How would I know you had it if she had not?" he answered, after a moment's reflection.

"Well, go back and tell her I'll return it."

Morrow turned on his heel and walked off, leaving Barty staring helplessly after him.

There remained only one course for him to follow—that was to go as he came, and he had done what would have been better left undone—he had revealed to Morrow the fact he should have carefully concealed—namely, that he had discovered the secret of his early history. What if Morrow betrayed him to Mag?—but he would not consider the matter of enough importance to mention.

The young man walked slowly home, by no means satisfied with himself. He had accomplished nothing. Had he succeeded in getting the book he would have visited Amber; as it was, he did not intend to do so, much as he longed to see her.

Disappointed and miserable, Barty sought his uninviting home. The key was under the steps, therefore old Mag was absent, and the young man felt thankful, for quiet and solitude was a relief; he unlocked the door and entered the house. To his surprise the key was in the door of Mag's private room; his eye happened to catch sight of it as he closed the outer door.

He had never known the old woman to leave that room unlocked in his life; neither had he ever been allowed to enter it.

He determined to seize the present opportunity.

He drew the key from the lock of the outside door and locked it inside, so that Mag could not enter without knocking. He then opened the sanctum, feeling like a thief as he did so.

Why should he feel guilty? He was only seeking to recover what the old woman had stolen—Amber's papers.

The room was close, and a sickly smell of herbs and dried roots filled the lungs, for no window had been opened for weeks, perhaps months; even the shades were drawn down, and little light penetrated through them, old and tattered though they were.

Barty did not raise them, for he knew the old woman might return at any moment; he must lose no time.

A glance around the room convinced him that the most likely hiding-place for secret hoards was an old shabby trunk which stood in one corner.

He tried to raise the lid, but it was locked. He stood dismayed; here he was baffled at the very outset. What was to be done next; he did not possess such a thing as a key.

He examined the box all around. It was made of leather and very old, but it still appeared strong and serviceable.

Barty would not move it for it was covered with dust, and Mag would know at a glance if it had been much disturbed.

While he gazed at it hopelessly an idea occurred to him; perhaps the back might be cut open and the hinges removed.

Very cautiously he went to work, cutting through the old leather with a strong knife. He next dragged it back from the first hinge; it was old and rusty,

and a stout wrench removed it; the other followed, and Barty lifted the lid.

The first thing in the trunk was an old newspaper; the young man could not read, but he folded it up and put it carefully in his pocket.

Beneath the paper, carefully folded in a piece of yellow linen, was a shawl—a gray shawl of the value of which the young man knew nothing. It was a magnificent Cashmere worth a thousand dollars. Below the shawl lay an old-fashioned dark-blue silk dress, and some fine under-linen; and in the bottom of the trunk—a bundle of clothes which Barty knew at once were the garments he had worn when he first came into old Mag's hands—a helpless infant; in the corner of the box was a small bundle wrapped in a handkerchief and tied securely with a string.

Barty made a bundle of the things, removing them all carefully; he then closed the box, replacing the hinges in their places though he did not fasten them in any way.

The dust was brushed from the lid, but he gathered a handful from a corner where it lay plentifully and scattered it over the trunk, also obliterating his own tracks and footprints in the same way. With his bundle under his arm he hastened out of the room locking it after him.

"Where shall I hide these things?" he asked himself, anxiously. "They won't be safe anywhere in the house, and I may meet her if I go out. I'll try, though, for if she finds that I am out when she comes back she'll never suspect I've been in her den."

He hastened to his own room, a bare and humble enough chamber, but, unlike the rest of the house, thoroughly clean. He took an old boat-cloak from a peg and threw it on his bed. He then wrapped all the other articles up in the shawl and tied them fast with twine. Placing this bundle on the cloak, he partly rolled it up in that garment; he then hung the cloak over his arm, leaving the free end to hang down, so that he seemed to merely have a cloak carried carelessly.

"Now I am all right, even if I do meet her," said Barty, in triumph. "I'll tell her I'm going fishing, and I'll hide these things where she'll never find them."

He left the house, locking the door and replacing the key where he had found it, and started for the shore.

(To be continued.)

THE GREELY EXPEDITION—A GHASTLY STORY.

THE account of the sufferings of Lieutenant Greely and his men at Cape Sabine, as related in the newspapers immediately after the rescue, seemed terrible and pathetic to the last degree; and yet it appears that the worst was not told. Last week a ghastly story came out in the newspapers which threatens to cast an indelible stain upon the record of the explorers, and to magnify the gravity of the official blunder which was the cause of their distress. It is charged that the survivors of Greely's party, crazed by starvation and the cruel cold, turned cannibals—that during the awful months of the past winter, when they were reported to have subsisted on sealskin, lichens and shrimps, they were really kept alive on the flesh of their dead comrades. Moreover, it transpires that one at least of the party died other than a natural death. The facts, it is stated, have been in the possession of Secretary Chandler since the rescue, and every effort has been made to keep them secret. Perhaps the whole truth will never be known. Official investigation will, however, reveal whatever foundation there may for the shocking tales that have been circulated. Some of the facts already elicited have a sinister look.

The bodies which were carried to St. John's, N. F., by the relief ships *Thetis* and *Bear*, were there placed in caskets made of boiler iron, and hermetically sealed. This was done by order of Secretary Chandler at the suggestion of Commander Schley, of the relief expedition, who telegraphed that it appeared to him imperative. According to the stories of those sailors who saw the dead bodies and who were present when they were picked up, the flesh had been cut from a number of them. "In several instances," one of the sailors said, "the flesh had been cut from the legs and thighs. There can be no doubt about that. The fact may be verified by opening the metal cases. The flesh may have been used as bait for shrimps which the destitute men used for food."

It was stated by several of the sailors that pieces of human flesh were found about the camp where such terrible scenes had been enacted. One of the men took one of the pieces on board ship, where he was compelled by his mates to throw it overboard. All believe that cannibalism was resorted to by the survivors of the Greely party, and now that so much has been said about it, a few are found who are frank to state what they saw and heard. Before reaching St. John's the crews of all the vessels were called aft and were warned to say nothing of the expedition, nothing of its success or failure, and nothing of what they saw in the Arctic regions.

The bodies, wrapped in blankets, were placed in tanks on board the *Bear* and *Thetis* at Cape Sabine, and thus conveyed to St. John's, to be bolted in the iron caskets. This work was conducted with a good deal of secrecy, and very few of the men were allowed even to see the remains. The oil tank on the *Bear*, which held six of the bodies, in alcohol, is square-cornered, and measures not more than five feet by four by twenty inches. Everybody wondered how it could contain the remains of six men.

Lieutenant Greely has submitted an official report of the circumstances attending the death of Private Charles B. Henry. Henry had been detected in theft several times, and his comrades clamored for his life, but were restrained by Greely. On June 5th he again stole and carried away some of the provisions. Lieutenant Greely spoke firmly to Henry. "For God's sake, Henry," he said, "as you seem to have no moral sense, remember that our lives depend upon our holding together." With great earnestness Henry promised not to be guilty of theft again. Lieutenant Greely felt that he could not trust Henry. After revolving in his mind their circumstances, the lieutenant, on his own responsibility, issued a written order, now in the possession of one of the survivors, commanding that Henry be shot on sight of commission of any more thefts of food. About June 6th Henry went to the old winter quarter at Camp Clay,

near Cape Sabine, and stole some of the last seal-skin, which was the only food left. He also took the last pair of boots in the stores. On being closely questioned by Lieutenant Greely, he admitted his guilt. He had sealed his fate. The written order for his execution was committed to three of the party. They were ordered to shoot him, encountering as little danger themselves as possible, as Henry was the strongest of the party. Sadly the men departed on their terrible errand. Their comrades left in camp turned their eyes to the ocean. In a few minutes the breeze bore to their ears the sound of two quick pistol shots. All were silent. Slowly, after a short interval, the men returned. The written order was handed to Lieutenant Greely, and the horrible, but necessary, execution was over. Henry was never seen again by his comrades, and his body was understood to be interred at the foot of the northwest ice-floe. The order for the execution of Henry was that afternoon read to the survivors, and all concurred in the justice and necessity of the act. No report of the manner of his death has ever been made to Lieutenant Greely, and the survivors tacitly ignored the terrible remembrance.

The charge of cannibalism Lieutenant Greely indignantly denies. "Why," he says—"why did we not allow poor Ellison to die if we were so past the line between humans and savages? Why did we share our food with him to the last drop?" Lieutenant Greely says he has never seen the bodies since they were disinterred, and does not know what their condition is. In reply to the charge that he had opposed the disinterment of the bodies at Cape Sabine by the rescuing party, he said: "Often in talking over what seemed to be inevitably our fate, the men all expressed the wish to be buried on the verge of the great polar sea, by whose shores they had met their death. Out of deference to the solemn wishes of the dead I spoke against disinterment of the bodies, and for no other reason. Had I died I should have wished a grave in the North."

On Thursday last, at Rochester, N. Y., the iron coffin containing the remains of Lieutenant Frederick F. Kieselburg, of the Greely expedition, was opened, and a post-mortem examination of the body was made by Dr. Charles Buckley and Dr. F. A. Mandeville, with the consent of the surviving brothers. The sworn statement of these physicians has been published, giving the revolting details in full, and confirming beyond possibility of doubt the suspicion that the flesh had been cut from the bones for food.

As to the shooting of Henry, it is thought by many that Lieutenant Greely's error was in omitting to mention the matter in his first communication with the authorities at Washington. On the other hand, it seems not unnatural that he should have preferred to leave such important details to be more thoroughly discussed in his full and final report.

Lieutenant Greely was welcomed home at Newburyport, Mass., on the 14th instant, by a procession and speeches, and made a brief but grateful response. The reception was most enthusiastic.

NEW-JERSEY NATIONAL GUARD ENCAMPMENT.

WE give on page 12 several views of the camp of the New Jersey State National Guard, located at Squan, on the Manasquan River, a dozen miles or so below Long Branch. The camp lies in a delightful spot near the sea, and runs east and west. Right along the bluff on the edge of the sea the rifle-pits have been constructed, and here practice and competitive shooting will be engaged in daily under the direction of General Spencer, who is chief of rifle practice in the New Jersey militia organization. The targets are placed close to the sea. Extending east and west along the northerly boundary of the camp are three mess halls, each 250 feet in length, with cook-houses attached. The lines of officers' quarters extend westward from the sea, and beginning at them and running in avenues at right angles are 1,100 tents, occupied by the soldiers of the Second Brigade, which were the first to go into camp, on the 18th inst. Just south of the color line is an immense level field, where the reviews, of which there are to be several, will take place. The Second Brigade, which will be in camp all of the present week, is commanded by General Sewell, and is the strongest brigade in the State. After it the various other regiments in the State will go into encampment at the same place in succession.

AN EGYPTIAN BREAKFAST.

A LADY contributor to *Good Words* thus describes a breakfast given her by the Princess Mansour, the Khédive's sister: "The meal was of a most elaborate description, consisting of many courses, and partaking more of the character of a dinner than of a breakfast, or rather *déjeuner*. The dining-room was luxuriously furnished. In the centre was a large circular velvet carpet, embroidered with gold, on which stood an octagonal table, covered with an embroidered velvet cloth, on which the breakfast service, including napkins, worked with gold thread, was arranged in the European fashion, a vacant space being left in the middle for the silver *plateaux* containing the successive courses. As affording some idea of the resources of Cairene culinary art, it may perhaps be mentioned that we were offered, in the following order, soup, roast turkey, calves' head stuffed with forcemeat, pilau of rice and raisins, macaroni cheese, kabobs of mutton on skewers, asparagus à l'huile, pancakes, cream rice tart, patty and jam, milk of almonds in a bowl, with pistachio nuts, eaten with tortoise-shell spoons, and cheese, followed by desert, with ices and little cakes, and ending with coffee, which was served in another room. On the table itself were several varieties of *hors d'œuvre*, such as anchovies, olives, potted meats, a sort of bitter white sauce, and clotted cream. Champagne and other wines were handed round. The party consisted of eight persons, and the entire meal was served within forty minutes—remarkably quick work, considering the length of the *menu*. Each guest was provided with a beautifully embroidered Turkish towel, and water was brought to us in large silver basins after dinner to wash our hands in."

NUPTIAL FANCIES.

A CLERGYMAN says in the *Brooklyn Eagle*: "Marriages take place at all kinds of places—from caprice, love of notoriety and sometimes from untoward circumstances. Recently a couple were united in a railroad car; the stage coach has furnished the place where the bridal vows have been spoken; people have been married on horse-back, in towers and balloons. The writer once par-

ticipated in a wedding on the piazza of a Summer cottage on one of the Thousand Islands, the moonlight glinting the majestic river that flowed beneath, and crowning the fair bride with such splendor as the king's daughters might envy. Niagara has witnessed the marriage vows, and behind the bridal veil of Minnehaha Falls many a couple have been made one. A Brooklyn minister several years ago married a couple from his chamber window, telling them to come round in the morning and sign the necessary papers. The making out of the preliminary papers, if the clergyman is a man of tact, is usually done after the ceremony, for not seldom is there a marked hesitancy on the part of the contracting parties in answering the fatal question of age. Many times have the eyes of the bridegroom opened wide as the tally of years counted some half-a-dozen more in the presence of the clergyman than in the prenuptial confidences of private conversation, and though the records are attested as true, to the best of the signers' knowledge and belief, yet there have been occasions in the experience of every minister when he had been very certain that by some strange magic at least half a dozen years have dropped out of the recollection of the antique but happy bride. Strange accidents sometimes happen in the preparation of the certificate. The writer once spoiled the bridal tour of a young bride by accidentally copying the father's, instead of the son's, name from the Health Board return lying before him. The bride was in great alarm, and at once on her return she visited the minister in great distress, saying: "You have married me to the wrong man." It was with no little difficulty that she was persuaded that a new certificate would make the old gentleman her father-in-law instead of her husband."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS has 437 schools of drawing, with 182 professors and 27,000 pupils; their cost is nearly 1,000,000 francs.

IN Italy oil is now being extracted from the seeds of grapes. Young grapes yield most, and black kinds more than white.

PICRIC acid is now used as an adulterant by European wine dealers. It is so intensely bitter that a few grains will acidulate a hoghead of sweet wine.

DR. TRONCIN's experiments with oxygen in cholera are attracting much attention. His system appears to be efficacious in preventing the deadly chills which are the usual accompaniments of this dread disease. When the patient inhales oxygen his bodily composition and heat are intensified, and the chills may be thus averted.

M. FALLIERES, the French Minister of Public Instruction, has appointed a commission to attend the Washington Meridian Conference. It includes M. Foye, a member of the Academy of Sciences, as President; Admirals Graviere and Mouchez, Comte de Paris, M. de Lesseps, Sr., and several members of the Academy of Sciences.

A PROPOSAL is popular in Spain to cut a canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean. The plan suggested is to deepen the Gironde for some distance, and reach the open sea at Narbonne. The proposed work would be about 250 miles, and, if carried out, it would save a distance of about 2,000 miles between London and Suez.

PETROLEUM has been found in the province of Palermo of such excellent quality that it can be used in lamps without having been previously refined. The first experiments in collecting it resulted in forty litres being secured in twenty-four hours. This sign of an abundant supply has led to the undertaking of works on a large scale.

TWO FRENCHMEN, the brothers Forré, have invented a new kind of harp, made entirely of wood. Instead of strings the inventors use strong strips of American fir. The sound is produced, as in the ordinary harp, by the contact of the fingers; but the player wears leather gloves, covered with rosin. The tone of the instrument is said to be of remarkable purity.

A MEDICAL journal congratulates fashionable ladies on having piled so much material upon the head that they will be liable to escape smothering; but it warns them of the day when fashion shall remove all the trimmings but a bit of lace. Then, says the writer, the tender scalps of the exposed heads will give the ladies sun-shocks from which they may never be able to wholly free themselves.

THE plan of using the enormous water-power of the Alps for working electric railways in Switzerland is about to take a definite shape, the idea being to connect the towns of Moritz and Pontresina by an electric railway four and a half miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams; the line, in case the plan proves a success to be extended a considerable distance.

SETTING apart differences of muscular capacity and adaptation, a man, says Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in order to fly, would need wings bearing the same proportion to his body as we observe in the wings of the sparrow or the pigeon. In fact, the wings commonly assigned to angels by sculptors and painters would not be so disproportioned to the requirements of flight as has been commonly supposed if only the muscular power of the human frame were well adapted to act upon wings so placed and shaped, and there were no actual inferiority in the power of human muscles (cross section for cross section) as compared with those of birds.

A FRENCHMAN who has recently visited Switzerland tells, with astonishment, the story of a young Swiss lady who, at a certain *table d'hôte*, refused to take any intoxicating drink because she had "signed." Noticing the look of amazed inquiry on the Frenchman's face at her announcement, she acquainted him with the meaning of the term, and induced him to glance at the statistics of the Swiss Temperance Society, which showed that up to December the society, which has only been formed very recently, counted no less than 2,884 members, 1,470 of whom were men, 997 women, and the rest children.

It is part of the naval ironclad theory that such vessels are capable of inflicting great damage upon an enemy by ramming. In all the accidental collisions which have occurred between heavy ironclads, however, the rammer seems to have sustained quite as much injury as she inflicted. In the recent collision between the two British ironclads, the one which struck the other with her ram appears to have been completely disabled herself by the blow. Her stem was crushed in, her fore-foot torn away, her plates were started, and had the accident happened in a seaway she would probably have sunk in a few minutes.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE making of photographs in this country alone consumes yearly forty tons of silver and three of gold.

EXPORTS of breadstuffs during July reached \$12,053,970 in value, exceeding July of last year by \$1,700,297.

EXPORTS of provisions for July and for the first seven months of this year show a large falling off from the figures of last year.

THE Wall Street Bank, a State institution, closed its doors last week, owing to "irregularities" of the cashier, John P. Dickinson, by which the bank lost some \$900,000. Dickinson has disappeared.

THE latest plan for the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, during the coming season, is to give German opera under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch. Dr. Damrosch has already sailed for Germany to engage a company of singers.

THE Russian Government has decided to purchase of its English owner the celebrated "Adoration of the Magi," by Paul Veronese. The purchase price is £12,000. The picture will adorn the cathedral now building on the site of the assassination of the late Czar.

THE work of harvesting the crops in North Dakota and Minnesota is being pushed with great activity. The clear atmosphere enables the workmen to labor long after dusk, and sometimes as late as ten o'clock. On the large farms relays of men and teams relieve each other.

THE arrangements are nearly completed for the great Philadelphia meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, next month, to which the members of the British Association and delegates from scientific societies all over the world have been invited.

SOME German capitalists have established a Japanese colony in a village constructed after the Japanese fashion, with a garden to each house. The colonists, about forty in number, represent all the handicrafts in which the Japanese excel, and they are to work so as to be seen by those who wish to study their processes.

GENERAL HAZEN, Chief Signal Officer, has secured the consent of the Postmaster-general to hoist the cold wave flag on Post Office buildings throughout the country to signal, for the benefit of farmers and others, the approach of cold waves. The flag is of white, with black centre. It will remain in position twenty-four hours after being hoisted.

An engineer employed on the Panama Canal reports in San Francisco that two miles of the east end have been dug, one hundred feet wide and fourteen feet deep, at a cost of a million dollars. The estimate of a thousand million dollars, made by United States engineers in 1850, is repeated, with the calculation that the end of the century will scarcely see the completion of the canal, even if the work be continued without interruption.

THE cholera, which has prevented Summer tourists from going to Italy and the south of France has largely increased the number of visitors to the Rhine country. Thousands of people who were unable to visit the famous statue of Germania in the Niederwald last year, on account of the lateness of the season when it was dedicated, are making pilgrimages there this year. Last month the visitors numbered 52,000, and the influx still continues.

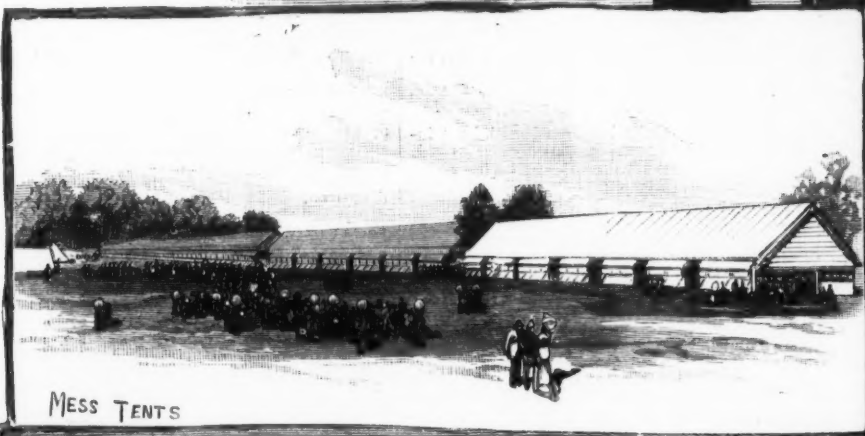
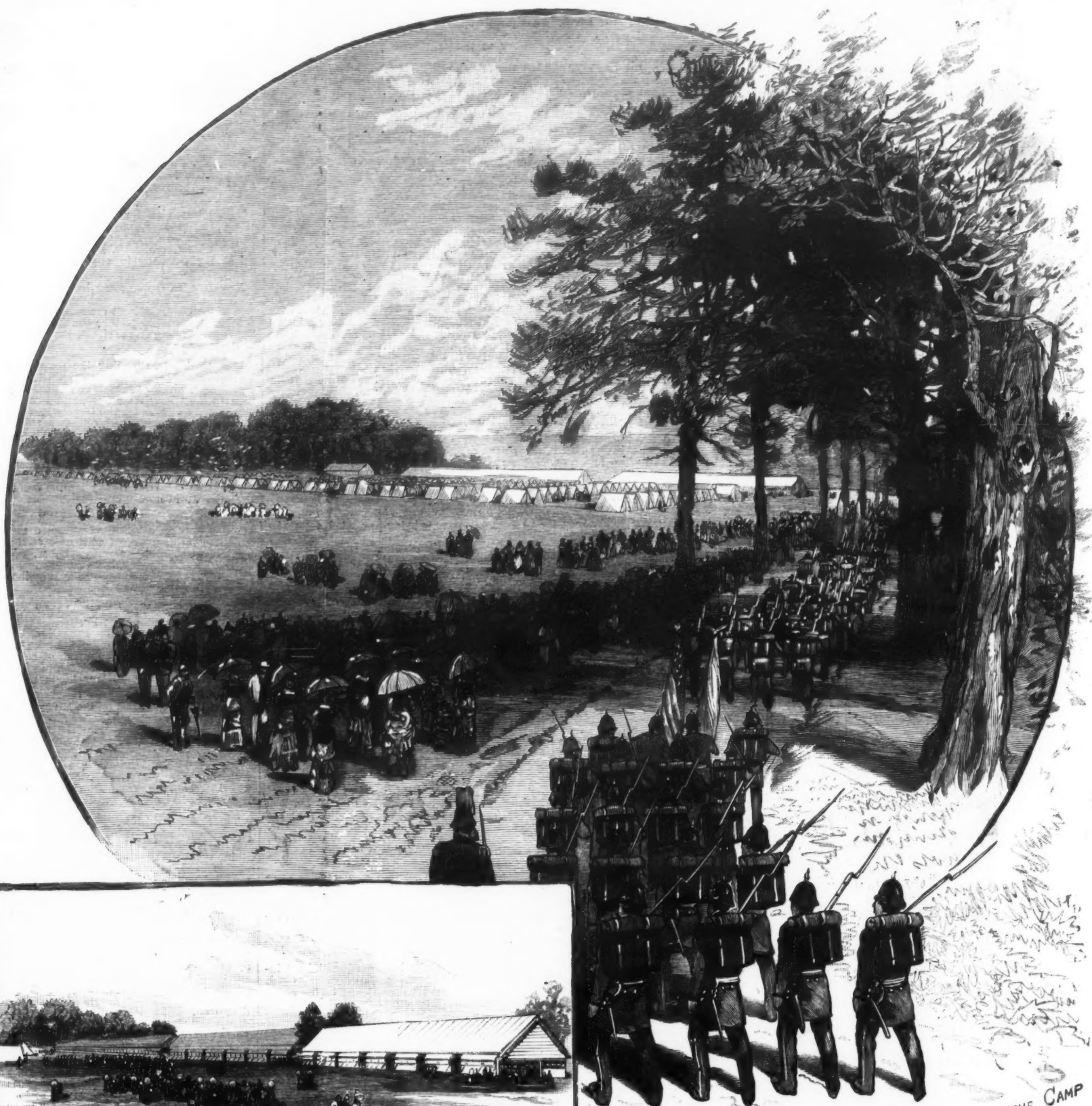
LATE advices from Vera Cruz, Mexico, say that myriads of locusts have appeared in that State and great destruction to the crops has resulted. In Yucatan and Southern Mexico hundreds of square miles of the country are covered with the pests, and corn, grass and other crops are utterly destroyed. It is said that thousands of families dependent upon small crops will have to be supported by the Government during the next six months.

HONEY-MAKING is becoming an important industry in Ulster and Dutchess County, N. Y. One producer keeps 1,200 hives, giving employment to eight men, and sending \$30,000 worth of honey to market as the profits of the work of a single season. Many of the bee-keepers gather from 400 to 700 pounds of honey a year. Some of the more expert extract the honey from the combs in the hives from three to five times a week. White clover appears to be the favorite flower of bees, and it is fed to them where there is a dearth of other flowers.

A CURIOUS Chinese superstition was exhibited at San Francisco, the other day. A Chinaman drove down to the wharf in an express wagon, jumped out and went through a sort of gymnastic performance, and then, going to the vehicle, grabbed a big turtle, which he threw into the water. This operation was repeated four times, when the celestial got into his wagon and drove up town again. It was learned on inquiry that the turtles carried with them into the depths the sins of the Chinese who had contributed money to the fund of a certain society.

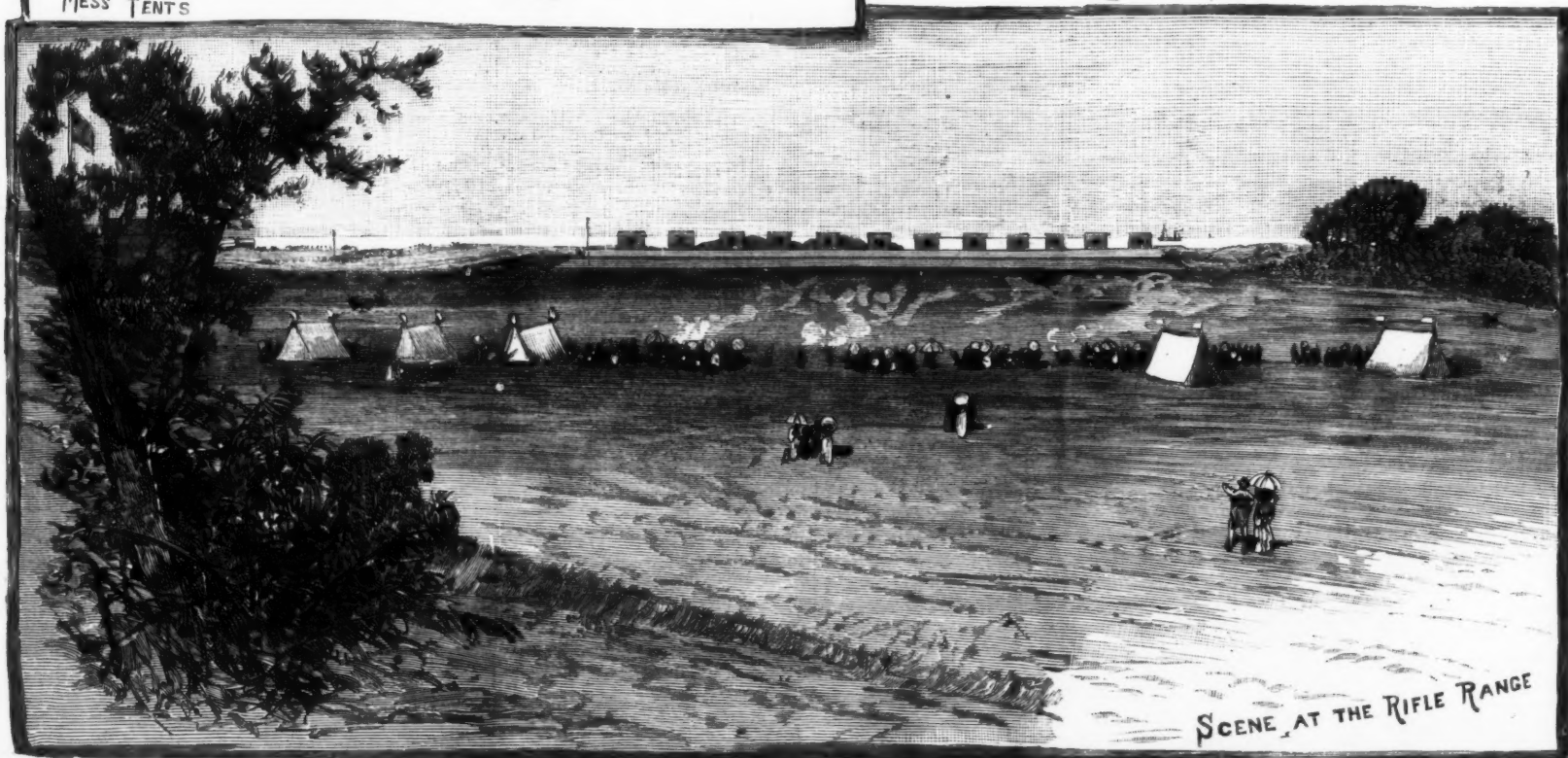
THIRTEEN young ladies, four of them from Detroit, three from Philadelphia, three from New York, and the rest from Baltimore, took the black veil at Notre Dame Convent, at Gowanstown, in Baltimore County, on the 14th instant. The ceremonies were very impressive. After the sermon the candidates made their professions and the black veils were thrown over them. Then they lay prostrate on the floor while a heavy pall was thrown over them, the four corners of which were held down by heavy candlesticks, upon which burned lighted tapers. The Benediction was then pronounced, after which they rose from their prostrate position and followed the other Sisters to their rooms.

ONE of the social features of Saratoga this season is the daily reception being tendered to Maud S. in the stables of the United States Hotel. From half-past nine in the morning until half-past four in the evening, the barn is besieged by visitors, not a small portion of whom are ladies and children. Maud S. has become so accustomed to being looked at that she poses like an actress. The ladies ask to stroke her mane without fear, and the gentlemen pat her on the back or flanks. A poodle remains in the stall with her, and instantly sounds the alarm if any unusual attentions are shown to her. Many ladies throw flowers into the stall, others pin them on the wall, where the famous trotter can get a glimpse or even a smell. Next to the curiosity to see Maud S. is that to see her attendant, a colored man, who is said to have been her keeper since she was a filly.



MESS TENTS

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT THE CAMP



SCENE AT THE RIFLE RANGE

NEW JERSEY.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE STATE NATIONAL GUARD, FOR RIFLE PRACTICE, AT SQUAN ON THE MANASQUAN RIVER.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 11.



M. MALOU,
Minister of Finance and President of Council.



M. JACOBS,
Minister of the Interior and Public Instruction.



M. DE MOREAU,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

BELGIUM.—THREE OF THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

THE BELGIAN MINISTRY.

THE excitement consequent upon the sweeping political changes which resulted from the recent legislative elections in Belgium has not yet subsided. The Independent, or Catholic, party has come into power, and has elected a Senate representing the same tendencies. As was to be anticipated, the Education Bill introduced by the new Ministry provides for radical changes in the conduct of the public schools. This Bill is meeting with violent opposition on the part of the Liberals. Last week a great popular demonstration took place in Brussels, the procession parading in front of the Government offices, shouting, "Resign!" and "Long live the King!" An address was delivered denouncing the Ministry and the Education Bill, and a resolution was adopted demanding the withdrawal of the latter, and the dissolution of the Chamber. The Independents organized a counter demonstration, but their procession was received with hoots and hisses as it passed along the streets. The Chamber of Deputies has rejected a Liberal motion to post-

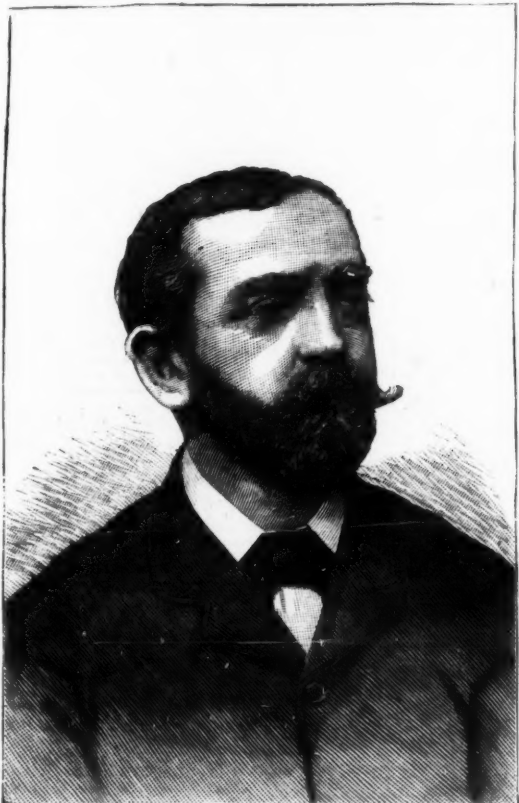


MAINE.—RECEPTION OF HON. JAMES G. BLAINE AT THE G. A. R. REUNION, AT OLD ORCHARD BEACH, AUGUST 7TH.
FROM A PHOTO. BY A. J. WHITTEMORE.

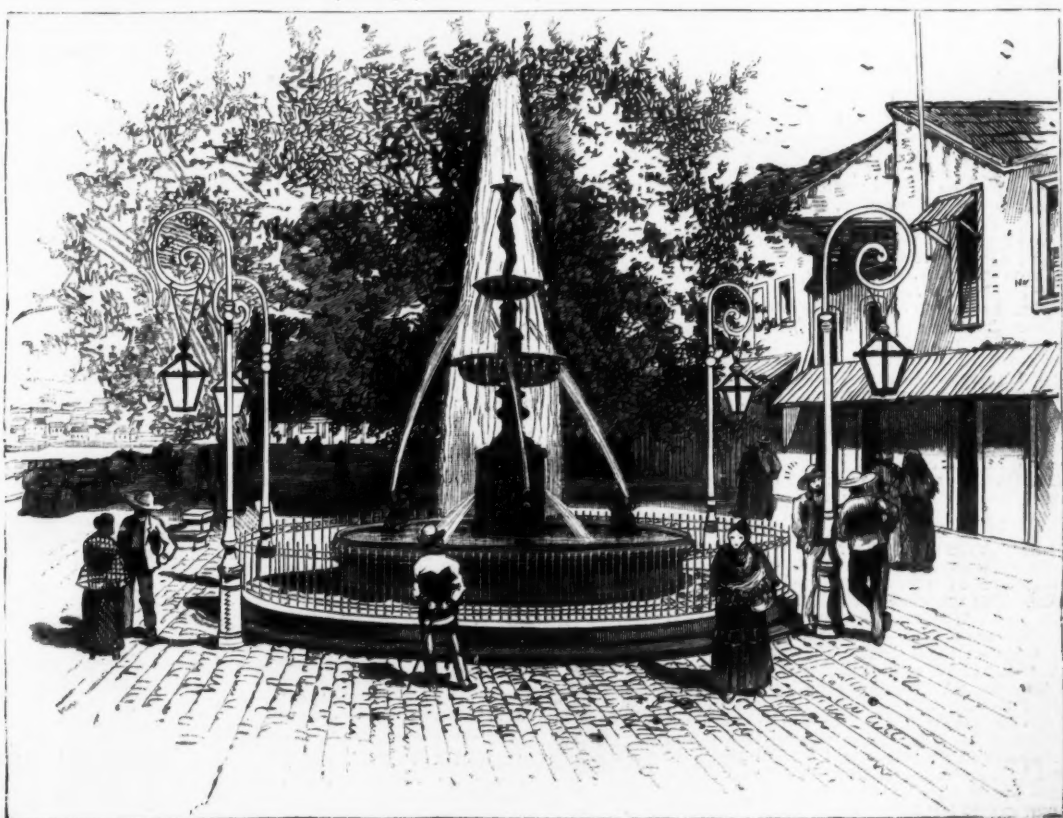
pone the consideration of the Education Bill, and the debate on this measure has begun. We give portraits of three of the most prominent of the Ministers, namely, M. Malou, Minister of Finance and President of the Council; M. Jacobs, Minister of the Interior and of Public Instruction; and M. de Moreau, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

MR. BLAINE AMONG THE GRAND ARMY MEN.

THE reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Maine, which took place at Old Orchard on the 7th instant, attracted a vast concourse of people from all parts of the State. Among the guests were Mr. Blaine and other well-known public men, and the reception of the former was especially enthusiastic. He made a brief speech in which all allusion to political topics was carefully avoided. After referring to the part which Maine played in the war for the Union, having furnished 75,000 to the Army and Navy, he added: "You, gentlemen, are an honored and an important part of the survivors of that great host. I join with you



PATRICK EGAN, NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA.
SEE PAGE 14.



WEST INDIES.—STREET VIEW IN THE TOWN OF ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.
SEE PAGE 14.

in commemorative services for the unreturning brave of that great host who died for their country and for liberty. No victory in war ever assured so much good to mankind; none ever prevented so much evil. The struggle is over, and our triumph is celebrated, not with a sense of having conquered a foe, but with that better sense of having reclaimed our kinsmen and brought them back to their own heritage and to the protection of their own flag. Beneath that flag, North and South, the East and West, will all find protection. Under its sheltering folds we shall all dwell together in unity, for we are brethren.

PATRICK EGAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

MR. PATRICK EGAN, the newly-elected President of the Irish National League of America, is not yet an American citizen, having come to this country only in the early portion of last year. Mr. Egan was the first Honorary Treasurer of the Irish Land League. He was a leading Dublin merchant, being, until last year, senior partner in a prominent firm of millers and corn merchants. Holding the position of Land League treasurer meant to Mr. Egan the making of a great personal sacrifice. After the passage of Mr. Forster's Protection Act, which rendered every one in Ireland liable to arrest and imprisonment for an indefinite period on "reasonable suspicion," it was deemed expedient that the treasury of the Land League should be removed to Paris. Mr. Egan spent upwards of two years in Paris, discharging his onerous duty.

During his absence his partner, Mr. O'Rourke, a gentleman who had no connection with politics, was arrested, and it was only on the petition of the members of the Dublin Corn Exchange and the merchants of the city that he was released. After the resignation of Mr. Forster in 1882, and the release of the political prisoners, Mr. Egan returned to Dublin and resigned the Treasurership of the Land League. He had resolved, however, not to reside again in Ireland, and after a stay of some months he came to this country. He has settled down in Nebraska, where he has begun operations in the corn trade in connection with his firm in Dublin. Mr. Egan is upwards of fifty years of age, and is the father of an attractive and still increasing family.

A SCENE IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

SAINT-PIERRE is the principal town of the picturesque, tropical island of Martinique, and the chief entrepôt of the French West Indies. Like Paris, which in many other things it endeavors to copy, it is divided by a stream, over which are several handsome bridges. It has a population of over 25,000, and, with its numerous public buildings and schools, its handsome theatre and botanic garden, it is a bright and thoroughly Gallic city. On the hillside, not far away, are still to be seen the remains of the house in which the Empress Josephine was born, in 1763. A railroad connects St. Pierre with Fort-de-France and other points. Our illustration gives a characteristic view of one of the principal streets of the island metropolis.

EARTHQUAKES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE slight but distinct earthquake shock which was felt on Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., along the upper Atlantic seaboard and through the States as far west as Ohio, would have attracted no attention in California, and could not be compared for severity with that which visited England on the 22d of April last. Here, however, it caused considerable excitement, and was to the majority of the population an unprecedented phenomenon. It was not, however, by any means the first seismic wave that has traversed this section. To go no further back, we may recall that on the 19th of October, 1870, the Eastern and Middle States were similarly "jarred." On November 4th, 1877, shocks of considerable intensity and covering a period of forty seconds were felt in Northern New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Canada.

On November 15th, 1877, earthquake shocks were felt over a wide area, comprising Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Dakota. The shocks were severe. Buildings were shaken, and in some instances cracked, but not thrown down. On the following day there was a slight shock felt at Knoxville, Tenn. Early on the morning of October 5th, 1878, a severe shock was felt along both sides of the Hudson River from West Point to Peekskill. It was a local visitation, however, confined to the Highlands of the Hudson. On November 20th of the same year there were heavy earthquake shocks, lasting one minute ten seconds, extending through Illinois, Indiana, and as far south as Little Rock, Ark. They covered an area of 150,000 square miles. Walls of houses were cracked, but none were overthrown. This visitation was made the subject of extended scientific research.

There was a severe shock felt throughout Florida on the morning of January 14th, 1879. In some of the larger cities and towns the vibrations were sufficiently severe to crack the walls of buildings, throw crockery from shelves, and do other damage. On December 30th of the same year there was a light shock felt in parts of Dakota. On the morning of January 23d there was a light shock felt in parts of Maine. No damage was done. There were several slight shocks of earthquake felt in Dover, Contocook, Concord and other parts of New Hampshire on December 20th, 1882. The damage done in each case was slight.

California has always been proud of her earthquakes, that State having been the theatre of the most severe shocks ever experienced in the United States. There have been more than twenty, and have shown the hidden forces of nature with a power that was terrifying. In 1852 the Mission of San Gabriel was totally destroyed by an earthquake. This was while the gold fever was at its height. In October, 1868, occurred the heaviest manifestation of the kind on the Pacific Slope since the American acquisition. There was a terrific oscillation in all the little villages and small towns in Alameda and adjoining counties lying at the foot of the Contra Costa range. The old Mission of San José, at the foot of the Contra Costa, was completely wrecked. There was another severe earthquake in California in 1872, and shocks of more or less violence are felt from two to three times every year, so that the inhabitants of San Francisco feel regret if one does not happen when Eastern Friends are visiting them.

A theory has been deduced, from an analysis of all recorded earthquakes, that these fearful phenomena are most frequent and severe during a cer-

tain epoch in the last quarter of each century. The terrible upheavals in Java, Ischia, and Asia Minor during the past year have certainly given evidence that, while the stupendous convulsions which marked the early physical history of our planet are happily long past, the earth's crust is not yet quite the *terra firma* that it is fondly called.

THE BEATTY ORGAN AND PIANO CO. A WONDERFUL BUSINESS REJUVENATED AND ESTABLISHED.

THE name of Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., is tolerably well known to the majority of the people of the United States in connection with the manufacture and sale of musical instruments. By liberal and widespread advertising, and by dealing direct with the purchaser, he built up a most extensive business in organs and pianos. It was his ambition to erect and own the largest organ factory in the world, and he succeeded in so doing. But the hindrances and losses incident to a disastrous fire in 1881, and the want of adequate capital, combined with a lack of business method, led to a serious entanglement in his affairs. Although he made and sold over seventeen thousand (17,000) organs last year, his embarrassments, which dated their origin years before, became so serious that he finally sold his business to a corporation composed of his creditors. It is understood that this company, with ample capital, has undertaken to make good as far as possible all the obligations of Mr. Beatty, giving preference to the purchasers of organs and pianos whose goods are still undelivered, and to whom it is shipping daily their instruments. The company is under the presidency of Mr. L. W. England, of New York, his manager being Mr. W. P. Hadwen; and the gentlemen composing the directors and stockholders are among the best known and most responsible business men in the country. All new orders, we are assured, are filled on receipt with instruments of the best quality; while arrears are being manufactured and shipped at the rate of not less than 100 a week. On such a basis, supplying a superior article at a moderate price, free of agents' commissions, the new concern ought to achieve a great success.

SUICIDE IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

THE statistics of suicide in the Austrian army are somewhat depressing reading. They show that of late years military suicide has been considerably on the increase, and as this phenomenon is by no means confined to Austria it seems to indicate an increasing aversion on the part of the modern European to military service. The total number of suicides committed from 1869 to 1878 is 2,536, or an average of 253 per annum. In 1877 the average was 307; the year after 314. The lowest number was 197 in the year 1873. Mutilation and attempts at suicide are generally found among the subordinates, but in 1878 there were twenty-two higher officers and ninety-eight officers of a lower rank among them. As far as the motives can be ascertained, fear of punishment, monetary troubles, dissatisfaction with the soldier's mode of life, and mortified ambition are said to be the most common. Death was generally by revolver.

FUN.

Motto for the coat-of-arms of a wealthy fruit preserver—"I can."

Officers only throw up their commissions when they are thoroughly sick of the service.

In one of the grand Paris restaurants were a gentleman of thirty and a lady of sixty dining together. Both belonged to the best society. After the dish which followed the soup the gentleman was heard to say, in a caressing tone of voice: "Come, a third slice of melon, just a third slice!" She was his mother-in-law.

"MAMA," said a prudent miss to her mother, who was contemplating a second marriage, "I wouldn't marry again if I were you. Remember how pa spent so much of your property." "Non-sense, my dear," replied her mother, "you know what the proverb says: Ce n'est que le premier Pa qui coûte—not a step-father."

"Where were you last Sunday, Robbie?" asked the teacher of one of the brightest scholars in her Sunday-school class. "My mother kept me home."

"Now, Robbie, do you know where little boys go when they play truant from Sunday-school?" "Yes, ma'am." "Where?" "They go fishin'!" exclaimed the boy, letting the whole feline family out of the paper envelope.

LIVES PROLONGED.

MANY to whom no encouragement could be offered, disease having progressed so far that no chance of arresting it seemed to remain, have been promptly relieved, and their lives prolonged and rendered comparatively comfortable, by the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 109 Girard St., Philadelphia. Many more, who have been sufferers for years and almost incapacitated for work, are now in the enjoyment of a good degree of health and able to engage actively in the business, profession or household duties which had been wholly or partially abandoned. It is wonderful what cures in so-called "desperate cases" are being made by this remarkable Treatment! If any one requiring the aid of such a treatment will write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, they will promptly mail such documents and reports of cases as will enable him to judge of its value for himself.

A Western circus man recently ordered a large advertising poster to be printed, and then kicked because there was so much sky in it. "I ain't agoin' to advertise the sky," he said to the lithographer. "I paid you to advertise my show. Drop a few camels and stick them up there. I ain't agoin' to have all that good space run to waste."

Like an Old Creaky Window-shutter.

That is the way a man's rheumatic joints sometimes are. Hinges old, rusty and worn, and badly need oiling. The trouble is in the blood. A man who is of any account is worth repairing. The repairing can be done by means of Brown's Iron Bitters. That enriches and purifies the blood, drives out the pains, and works complete restoration. Thousands testify to it from happy experience. Mr. C. H. Huntley, 918 North Sixteenth Street, St. Louis, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism, general debility and prostration, with the best results."

LIFE-PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

SUMMER TOURS.

THE Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving time-tables, maps, hotel-lists and tours covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine and the Maritime Provinces, and all the shore, mountain and lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, General Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DR. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

INSTANT relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache. Ask for "ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." 15 & 25c.

THE *St. Louis Clinical Review* says: "We desire to call attention to the reliability of the preparations manufactured by the Liebig Company, and to the high character of the endorsements accorded to its Coca Beef Tonic by leading physicians and medical journals of all schools." Invaluable in debility, dyspepsia, catarrh, biliousness and nervousness.

PRETTY WOMEN.

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

MAY be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS; they are the best.

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

CURES colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

THE highest medical authorities concede ANGLA-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write ANGLA-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in this paper.)

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bites, chilblains.

THE best evidence in the world of the purity and excellence of BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT pipe or cigarette smoking is found in the fact that the fame of this tobacco increases from year to year. This could not be the case if it were merely "gotten up to sell," or had any dubious or dangerous ingredients in it. Among millions of users of all nationalities surely some one would find out if it were impure, injurious or unpalatable. But no, the Durham Bull brand gets more popular, the demand for it wider, and smokers more enthusiastic over its delicious natural flavor.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

CHILDREN, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Do not forget to add to your lemonade or soda ten drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents all Summer diseases. Be sure to get the genuine ANGSTURA, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

POROS and strengthening; improved; the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

HALFORD SAUCE blends admirably with all gravies.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

NIGHT SWEATS.

HEADACHE, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

ANGLA-SWISS Milk FOOD

FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

Recommended by leading PHYSICIANS throughout the United States and Europe.

CONDENSED MILK

For general use and especially for infants until the period of Weaning.

ANGLO-SWISS

Chocolate and Milk
Cocoa and Milk
Coffee and Milk

CONVENIENT and ECONOMICAL.

33 Million Tins sold in 1883.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS.



HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,

Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25 (large size).

MAILED FREE—My Magnetic Journal, containing names of hundreds cured, of highest national reputation. Consultation free. PROF. DEXTER, 162 West 34th St., N. Y.

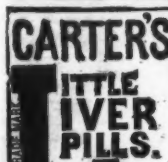
Catarrh Cured for \$2.

I HAVE made this horrible disease a subject of special study, and the result of a thorough scientific investigation is that catarrh is the lodgment of the eggs of an insect in the nasal organs (or nose). Those eggs are floating in the air, inhaled through the nostrils, where they are caught and hatched, and feeding in early life upon the tissues in which they are imbedded, they destroy them, disfiguring the face, undermining the health, and leaving a putrid and loathsome breath. My remedy will destroy the eggs and the insect within ten days; will sweeten the breath and permanently cure the patient. On receipt of \$2 by mail I will send medicine which will cure the worst case of catarrh, or return the money. Address,

DR. A. E. COX,

202 East 16th Street, New York City.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

APRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods. 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes. The Vegetable Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within 4 days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. Branch, 303 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.—For Young Women. Industrial departments opening. English, German, French, Music. Home comforts. Health first consideration. Address, MISSES BUSH, Belvidere, N. J.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOth AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.



A Great Conflagration

That sweeps away a whole city, starts from a flame so small that a glass of water would extinguish it. In like manner, the most painful and fatal maladies of the throat and lungs ordinarily develop from small beginnings, not difficult of cure if promptly treated with the proper remedy. But their progress is insidious and delay may be fatal. Colds and coughs lead to Laryngitis, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Consumption. The only medicine certain to cure every bronchial and pulmonary affection not absolutely incurable is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

During 40 years it has steadily grown in popular estimation, and is now a household reliance in many thousands of families. Parents, whose lives were preserved by AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL when they were young, are now saving the lives of their children with it. Leading physicians extol its virtues and prescribe it in their practice. Intelligent druggists everywhere report noteworthy cures effected by it, within their personal knowledge.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

LIQUID PAINTS

ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS,
Steam Packings, Mill Board, Gaskets,
Sheathings, Fire-proof Coatings, Cements, &c.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LISTS.

H. W. Johns Mfg Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

To Lovers of English Pale Ale
We recommend



"BURKE'S"
Light Sparkling Pale Ale

As the Finest English Ale Bottled.
REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND CONSTI-
TUTING AN APPETIZING TONIC, WHILE
SLIGHTLY STIMULATING.
EASY OF DIGESTION.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

EDWARD AND JOHN BURKE,
DUBLIN AND LIVERPOOL,
Proprietors of
BURKE'S RED-HEAD BRAND OF STOUT.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



"CANTRELL & COCHRANE" DUBLIN & BELFAST.
E. & J. BURKE, Gen. Agts., New York.

OPIUM

OPIUM Habit Cured

A certain and sure cure, without inconvenience, and at home. An antidote that stands purely on its own merits. Send for my Circular (it costs you nothing), containing certificates of hundreds that have been permanently cured. I claim to have discovered and produced the FIRST, ORIGINAL AND ONLY SURE CURE FOR OPIUM EATING.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

FREE TRIAL.

Thousands of cases of Nervous and Physical Debility and Nervous Prostration, any cause cured by **NERVITA**. Strong faith that it will cure any case prompts me to send any one trial package on receipt of 12 cts. for postage, etc. DR. A. G. OLIN, Box 242, Chicago, Ill.

A BOON TO MEN

All those who, from any cause, are weak, unnerfed, low-spirited and physically exhausted, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Weakness, etc., is wholly superseded by **THE MARSTON BOLLUS**." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect health. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

"Summer Tours via the Great Lakes,"

To the YELLOWSTONE, NATIONAL PARK and the PACIFIC COAST. For copies inclose stamp to T. P. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Atlantic Dock, Buffalo, N. Y.

SEVEN SPRINGS MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Monroe, N. Y. Accommodation for 400 guests. Elevation 2,000 feet. First-class family hotel. No malaria or mosquitoes; music and dancing and amusements. Saddle horses and livery. Mineral waters and air-cure, kidney complaints, gravel, dyspepsia, throat complaints and hay fever. **DAVISON & CO., Props.**

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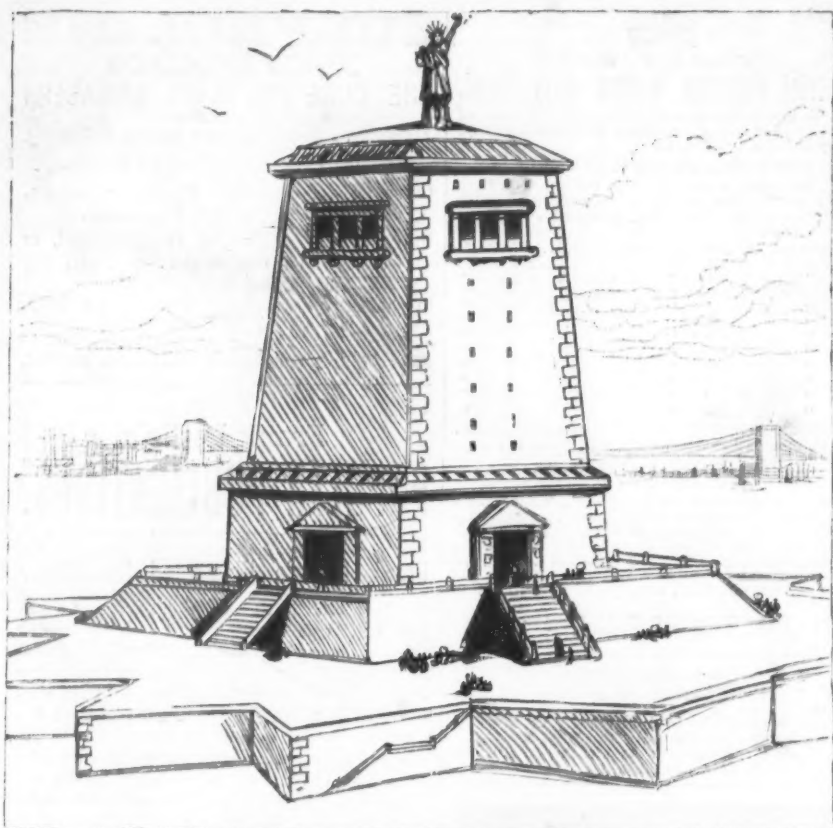
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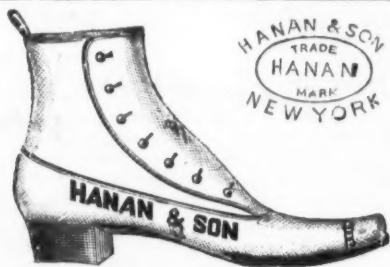
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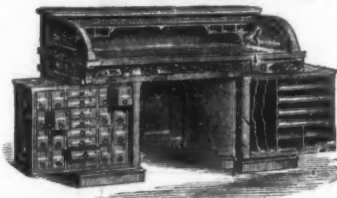
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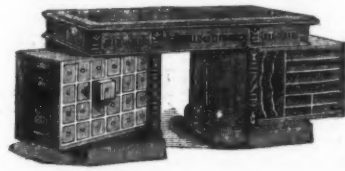


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